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The Bystander, March 27, 1935

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Houston Rogers

CAROL COOMBE

A photograph of Carol Coombe in her Chinese disguise; she is playing in that charming Chinese play, "Lady Precious Stream," at the Little Theatre. She went straight into her part there on her return from Hollywood, where she had been film-making since last summer. She is an Australian, daughter of Sir Thomas Coombe; her mother, Alice Senior, was a stage star out there

Swaebe

At the Queen's Hall

Mr. Edward Knoblock and Lady Ravensdale were at the Queen's Hall for the Heifetz concert. It was the violinist's only London recital, and all the regular concert-goers, of whom Lady Ravensdale is certainly one, were there to hear him

Swaebe

At the Dorchester for the New Hollywood Follies Show

In this party are Lady Marguerite Strickland, Mr. Gordon Edwards, Miss Rosemary Potter, Mrs. Charles Oppenheim (Merial Dalrymple-White that was), Miss Susan Bligh, Mr. Claude Strickland and Miss Margaret Viner. The new Dorchester show started last week, with the Hollywood Girls from "Stop Press" as its big feature

Capt. the Hon. Lionel Montagu and Mrs. Peter Thursby were also at the Britannia Ball meeting. The Ball was held last night at the Dorchester, and was in aid of clubs for unemployed men

The Afternoon's Job—Charity and Cocktails

Lady Allendale, Lady Mary Dunn and Mrs. Richard Talbot were at the committee meeting cocktail-party which was held at Londonderry House last week in connection with the Britannia Ball. Lady Allendale is Sir Hugh Seely's sister

London Is So Gay a City

Faces (Mostly Familiar Ones) Seen in Their Accustomed Surroundings

Swaebe

Spring Is Here!

The first outdoor-eating photograph of the year was taken during last week's heat-wave; it's of Lord Brecknock and Lord Ashley having lunch on the terrace at the Dorchester

Sasha

A Mayfair-ish Bottle-Party

Lady Bridget Poulett is with the two younger Weldon brothers, Thomas and Terence, at a bottle-party which was given the other day at Sunderland House, by no fewer than twenty-five hosts

Swaebe

The Young Men Like Her

Above: Miss Peggy Johnson is the charmer so surrounded by cavaliers; her admirers include Mr. John Loder, Mr. Jimmy Dance, Mr. Anthony Prinsep, Mr. Anthony Dennis Bradley, and Mr. Ian Fenwick. This was at Mr. Aage Thaarup's Grosvenor Street house-warming party

Left: another quartet at the Britannia Ball cocktail-party were Lady Castlerosse, Mr. Profumo, Mrs. Ken Holway and Mr. Chisholm

Right: Mr. Jock Whitney and Miss Hilary Charles were at the Dorchester to see the first showing of the new cabaret. Mr. Whitney is the owner of Rod and Gun, which won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Cheltenham; he is a cousin of Miss Dorothy Paget

Swaebe

Follow the Cigar

General Vaughan and Mrs. Wilfred Holden talking to Lord Lonsdale, who was following his own particular fashions as closely as usual. He has twice been Master of the Cottesmore—from 1907 to 1911, and from 1915 to 1921

Lady Susan Askew, Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty and Miss Diana Lambton were photographed in the paddock at Burton Lazars, where the meeting was held. Mrs. Cantrell-Hubbersty's husband is the hon. secretary of the Quorn

Foxes' Holiday

The Belvoir, Cottesmore, and Quorn Take a Day Off for the Melton Hunt Steeplechase Meeting

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby went to the meeting together. He has been M.P. for Rutland since 1933

Another couple who went around together were Mr. and Mrs. Edward St. Aubyn. She was Nancy Meyrick before her marriage in 1933

Miss Vera St. John is with Mr. W. J. Baird, another ex-Master of the Cottesmore. He took over from Lord Lonsdale in 1921, and retired in 1931, when the present Master, Mr. Hilton-Green, succeeded him

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 95

Doris Zinkeisen

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

You can scarcely imagine your own surprise when you first meet Doris Zinkeisen and hear her speak. Slinky, exotic-looking, bearer of an exotic name, and deriving her ancestry mainly from French, English, Flemish, and Austrian forebears, she answers you in the faint burr of Dumbartonshire. With light-green eyes, swan-like neck, black hair brushed back, pencilled eyebrows, and large, shapely hands, she instantly arrests attention as she enters a room. Doris Zinkeisen has one of the best foreheads I have ever seen on a girl. By the same token, her hips are as flat as a boy's, and yet she has three children.

Primarily she is an artist and a worker. And how she works! *Stop Press* kept her up until 3 a.m. for five weeks, for that was all the time she was given. Theatregoers will remember her for her part in the scenery and costumes of *On With the Dance*, *Wild Violets*, *Waltzes From Vienna*, among other big successes. Film fans will never forget Anna Neagle's dresses in *Nell Gwynne*. She herself is immensely self-contained, never gives interviews, hates housekeeping, loathes cars and cards, and adores dancing, hunting, and horses, despite her terrible fall last year. Her appetite does not really express itself until supper time, and her best colour is very dark green.

When she relaxes she lies flat on her back on the floor, in front of the fire, and reads with the book raised above her face. When she can, she likes to paint men with shiny noses and walrus moustaches. When at work she can stand any amount of noise all around her, except banging doors. But when she writes, even if it is only a letter, which is very seldom indeed, she has to have complete silence. One of the joys of her life is Pete, her unclipped black poodle. When she laughs, she raises her head. About her work she is very superstitious.

To look at, you would think her either a volcano or an iceberg. Actually, she is very sensitive, very nervous, and very highly strung, and only her acute sense of the ridiculous enables her to forget her moods and to mask the fact that, first and last, she is a very serious artist, and that last year she got the gold medal at the Paris Salon. Every penny she has got she has made herself. ("I'd have a fit if I was ever left a fiver.")

Listen...

WELL, and so the Mdivanis are being divorced. The Prince still thinks the Princess by far the cutest thing that ever came out of Woolworths'. Of course, he 'd have preferred it if she hadn't had all that dough, but, like the good Georgian he is, he made the best of it, and was quite prepared to overlook it.

•

PRINCESS MDIVANI, on the other hand, still thinks that the Prince is by far the cutest feller that ever marched through or came out of Georgia. She would, of course, have much preferred it if he had not been a Prince, having heard in her childhood that uneasy lies the head that wears a crown, but she, like the Prince, was prepared to overlook this obvious disadvantage.

•

WHY, then, are they parting? Strange to say, their parting all revolves round the letter P. The Princess couldn't stand the Prince's Polo, and the Prince couldn't stand the Princess's Poetry. The Princess, like a lot more of us, had always held that polo was a game which was invariably played at the other end of the field, and after a bit she took to writing poetry.

•

IN conversation the other day with a man who is a perfect martyr to marrying impecunious women, we asked him the reason for his failure with ladies with a dowry, and he explained it away by saying that he repeated so often to them that he was not after their money, that he feared they began to think that he had no other conversation, and consequently found him rather a bore.

•

TEARS in a restaurant are always intriguing, but when they emanate from one of the sterner sex, they invariably cause a proper furore; and when the reason of the outburst is another of the same stern sex, the management should be permitted to charge ten per cent. on the bill for the entertainment. Personally, we thought it far funnier than any cabaret we have seen for months, and we 're going to Soho again and again.

•

"MANNERS makyth man," so they tell the little chaps at Winchester, and while we have always felt that a boy friend with nothing except good manners to recommend him would be a poor sort of gink, we do set great store by politeness, and we wish it was more in evidence these days.

•

COLONEL WILFRED EGERTON has beautiful manners, and could well serve as a model for the younger generation. We do not think it necessary for them to copy his collars, which are sometimes referred to as "Wilfred's last defences," but we do think the young might well take a leaf out of his book in the matter of manners.

•

OF the younger generation, "Eddie" Tatham and Prince Aly Khan have beautiful manners. "Eddie" is, of course, the perfect house-party guest, and how we wish there were more like him; while Prince Aly has great charm, and has the priceless gift of making every woman feel that meeting her is the one big event of his life.

•

WE would remind one or two young men—and old ones, too, for that matter—that a low handicap at golf is no excuse for putting your muddy shoes on the furniture, omitting to write a bread-and-butter letter, or for boasting of your successes. We admit that one such young man is divine-looking, and we could fall for him in a big way, but WHAT a howling cad!

•

WOMEN, speaking generally, have better manners than men, but then, of course, far less is expected of them, for while the chaps have to bow and scrape and jump up and down like Jack-in-the-boxes, all we girls have to do is to smile with all the grace at our command as we accept the homage due to us.

•

PARDON us, girls, however, if we make one little suggestion, and that is that you don't make your men friends stand at their table while you have several hundred words with them on your way to your table in a restaurant.

•

THIS habit is particularly unkind when the wretched man is seated at a sofa table. Recently we saw a well-known woman stand talking to a woman acquaintance at the Embassy for at least ten minutes, and during all this time the unfortunate male attendant was standing, bent almost double, too polite to move the table, and not strong enough to push the sofa through the wall.

•

THE most charming manners are those of Lady Howe, who has many imitators; but so many women anxious to play the grande dame confuse dignity with aloofness, and only succeed in being off-hand. Of the younger generation, the sisters Lady Brougham and Vaux and Mrs. Essex Drury have charming manners, while Mrs. Sweeny is always very sweet to everyone, has great charm, and never looks bored.

•

WE can all be sweet when we are being amused, or have our best boy friend with us; but it is a very different thing when you find yourself between two crashing bores and the B. F. is obviously enjoying himself with some woman you can't stand, at the other side of the table—eh, Countess?

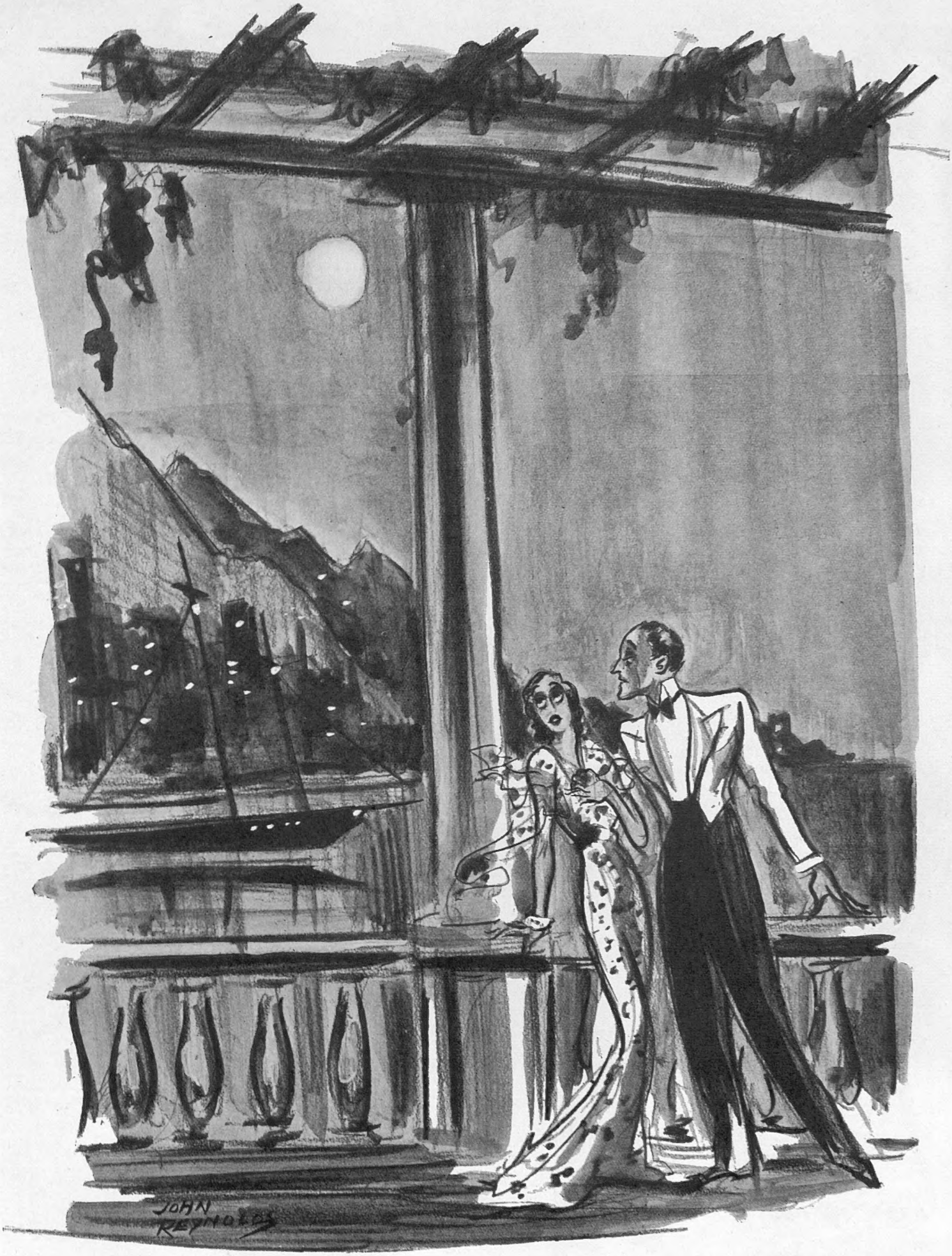
POPULAR WOMEN

No. 17

Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey

Yevonde

IF there were many women like Lady Ursula Filmer-Sankey, face-cream and beauty establishments would go bust, as Lady Ursula employs none of their aids, neither does she care two hoots about her clothes; yet, despite this studied nonchalance, she manages to look grand, her natural beauty overcoming even those flat-heeled shoes. Lady Ursula is possessed of a wonderful and forgiving nature, and her countless friends adore her. To be able to say "'Ursie' told me," is the last word in smartness in and around Cheshire, and, what's more, there's no shadow of doubt, if "Ursie" *did* tell you, that it was the truth. Her father, the celebrated Ben d'Or, worships her, and in her eyes he can do no wrong. She has been a most dutiful wife to Willy Filmer-Sankey, with whom she shares a passion for the outdoor life. Horses are her great interest, and she is a most accomplished horsewoman, riding astride, her tutor being the great steeplechase jockey, Jack Anthony. A very fine character, and a wonderful friend. No wonder the Duke is proud of her.



"Which End of the Bath Do You Sit?"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

A Play of Parts

Sketches of "Frolic Wind" by Rouson

Two hostesses: Lady Athaliah (Henrietta Watson), the ultra-Bohemian, and Lady Damaris (Mabel Terry-Lewis), the ultra-conventional

Two guests: Princess Rosencrantz-Guildenstern (Martita Hunt), the understanding, clever woman of the world, and Mr. Roxborough (Stanley Lathbury), the well-meaning but unutterable bore

"Frolic Wind" (Royalty Theatre)

I HESITATE to say that this play by Richard Pryce, based on the novel by Richard Oke, is the best I have seen for a long while, but I do say it is one of the most interesting. Pedants might point out that such constant changes of scene as occur at the Royalty Theatre are not according to Cocker, and that to make use of the soliloquy recalls the delicious dramas of forty years ago; but, personally, characters can chatter to themselves and scene-shifters may sweat throughout the entire evening without my bothering about such details, so long as I find the play holding my attention, and it would be understatement to say that my attention was held by *Frolic Wind*. Rather should I say it was gripped.

YOU may think that much theatre-going blunts the appetite for drama, but it does nothing of the kind; it may make one resent the pretentious and futile more strongly, but it sharpens the appetite for what is good. And consequently, I enjoyed my visit to the Royalty, for *Frolic Wind* is extremely good—of that I have no doubt whatever. The curtain has hardly risen before one becomes deeply interested in the four sisters, perfectly played by Nina Boucicault, fussy and soft-hearted; Henrietta Watson, grimly humorous and authoritative; Mabel Terry-Lewis, patrician hostess of a past age; and Dorothy Holmes-Gore, not quite "all there," whose ancestral home, Pagnell Bois, continues now, as in the past, to offer hospitality to the famous.

IT is round this quartette that a very queer story revolves, slowly at first, in order to allow us to become thoroughly acquainted with all the characters, but gathering speed as it continues, until the final curtain falls on a complete work of art, beautifully written, beautifully acted, as original as it is interesting, and produced with loving care by John Wyse.

One test of the merits of a play is, what chance does it give a cast? *Frolic Wind* gives every chance. I have seen Henrietta Watson in scores of parts, but never has she played so brilliantly as here. Fabia Drake, in a horribly difficult part as a sexy woman novelist; Martita Hunt, who has her chance in the last act; Veronica Turleigh, who I thought at first was miscast, but changed my opinion later, in another difficult part, as well as the other three actresses previously mentioned, are all as good as good can be; while clever miniatures are provided by Mignon O'Doherty and Renée de Vaux.

The men are of somewhat less account, but Basil Bartlett, in an important rôle, plays with fire and tact, and S. J. Warmington with a self-effacing discretion which is most effective.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Miss Jewell (Veronica Turleigh) and Mr. Charlecote (Basil Bartlett) prepare to bathe, but a skeleton appears at the feast of fun in the person of Miss Vulliamy (Fabia Drake), who herself covets this young man

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Yevonde

Last Week's Engagement

Miss Jean Follett Is Going To Marry Lord Brougham and Vaux

Jean Follett is the only daughter of Lady Mildred FitzGerald by her first husband, the late Brig.-Gen. G. B. S. Follett, D.S.O., who was killed in action in 1918. She is a niece of the Earl of Dunmore, and was born in 1915. Lord Brougham and Vaux, to whom she announced her engagement last week, is twenty-six; his first wife (Valerie French that was), by whom he has one son of two and a half, divorced him last year. The photograph on the left was taken the day the engagement was announced

Marlene Dietrich—

Marlene Dietrich's little daughter, Heidede Sieber, has already started her film career; she appeared in her mother's film, "The Scarlet Empress," from which the two photographs below were taken. Marlene Dietrich is Rudolf Sieber's wife, and Heidede is her only child

—And Her Daughter, Heidede

It's All Heredity

Parents and Children Who Share a Family Footlight Talent

Ralph Lynn

Ralph Lynn has "gone over" to the films pretty thoroughly for the moment, and his daughter has followed him to the studios to start her career

Betty Lynn

She made her screen début in "Dirty Work," the Ben Travers farce in which her father starred with Gordon Harker and Robertson Hare

Xenia Desni

Xenia Desni is one of Germany's favourite comedy film stars; she has also made a film or two in England. She is Russian

Tamara Desni

Xenia's daughter, Tamara, has just left England; she was to play in "Love and Let Love," but her permit to work over here unfortunately expired. Has done stage and film work here

Stanley Lupino

Ida Lupino

This father and daughter are members of a famous theatrical family. Stanley Lupino went on the stage when he was seven, has done film work, written plays and a novel. Ida Lupino has had a great success as a comedy-actress in Hollywood

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

LADY DUDLEY and Lady Carisbrooke, we gather from the gossip boys, will be among those entertaining parties at the Dorchester on June 27th, when "flowers will be thrown by debutantes from chariots wheeled on to the dance floor." This dainty and innocent project appeals to us much more than (for example) that idea somebody had a little time ago of bringing a circus elephant on to the floor at a smart charity ball. The elephant, not unnaturally, jibbed at the smart faces. Moreover, its southern half was of no decorative value, and—except as a reminder of some Cabinet Minister's birthday—no practical value, either.

Whoever organises these affairs seems always to shrink from the most obviously attractive idea of all, which is to bring on a lot of debutantes in flower-decked chariots and throw the debutantes at the guests. A number of smart engagements would infallibly result, unless, of course, the debutantes were too big. Nothing looks more idiotic than a huge girl, perfectly gowned, and suffused with blushes, flying through the air and landing, perhaps, in the plate of one of our more important Indian guests, who, though loyal to the British Raj and covered with jewels, are quick to resent aggression. Perhaps it would be possible to throw the smaller girls together, like shrapnel or a Battle of Flowers, and heave away the Big Berthas, so to speak, one by one at intervals during the evening. We don't much care either way (to be frank with you), so long as we haven't to be engaged to them.

Et Puis—Bonsoir

THE Bal Bullier, in Montparnasse, which has just been sold by auction, was one of the places we frequented at intervals before the war (we were very young then, and tender-hearted, and the whole world smelt of lilac, and the Latin Quarter was an adventure), hoping to spy among the dancers the well-loved figures of Rodolphe, and Mimi, and Schaunard, and Musette, and all that delicious crew. We never found them until after the war, when we saw most of them at the Ham Bone, twice as large as life, three times as Bohemian, and quitting the gay scene only to catch the last train home to Golder's Green. Thus does the traveller, after long searching, find Romance at home.

If we were inclined that way, we should go more maudlin over the death of the Closerie des Lilas, opposite the Bal Bullier, than anything else in Montparnasse, a parish which long ago became the stronghold of the Anglo-Saxon middle-class. (The respectable middle-class, we mean. We liked them. We never cared, on the other hand, to mix with Anglo-Saxon Puritans on the spree in Montmartre, far from censorious eyes and ready for any kind of crapulous junketing.) The Closerie des Lilas was a real Montparnasse café before they modernised it. Real students brawled in it. Lenin used to drink his coffee on the terrace, long before our time. Paul Fort, the poet, held a nightly court there, and the talk (or, rather, shouting) was marvellous. Now the Closerie is just like any other place, and it was time the Bullier went, too. Something will take their place, no doubt.

Those who say, incidentally, that Mürger painted a Bohemia that never existed are clotted fools. It certainly existed, and still does, in places. If you don't believe us, read the fairly recent memoirs of Francis Carco or Léon Daudet. Better still, go to next year's Chelsea Arts Ball, where in 1933 we saw a solicitor dressed as a Pierrot hit a canon's niece with a balloon, without an introduction of any kind.

"No, she's not my wife"

Their Friends the Stars

THAT nitwit portion of the public for whom so many daily and Sunday papers employ tame astrologers is, as you may have perceived, pretty easily satisfied. It accepts large, broad prophecies like

> To-day financial agreements will be made and new partnerships entered into. . . . Good for shipbuilding. . . . Be careful what you drink, and if out of sorts see a doctor. . . . A good evening for music, lectures on cooking, and meetings of University women. . . .

and doesn't ask the stars to be more explicit. An astrologer we met the other evening at a party gave us to understand, rather darkly, that immense unrevealed knowledge lies behind the pretty ordinary stuff we read in the papers—or, rather, don't read, Mars and Saturn generally being in conjunction in (or outside) the Ninth House and depriving us of a taste for glubglub. As this astrologer was going away after telling us this, he slipped on a rug across the highly polished floor and banged his head against a table, giving himself a nice black eye.

"The other one's being repaired"

"Did the stars," we asked him curiously, "warn you about that?"

He merely cursed us, from which we concluded that the stars do *not* make entire confidants of their boy friends. The classic example is that of the great Her Trippa, in *Rabelais*, who foresaw all the dismal consequences of Panurge's marriage and inevitable cuckoldry, but could not see, just under his nose, the games and gambols of his own gay wife with the merry serving-men. From which we conclude that the stars' reserve on such matters is traditional, and dictated by a sense of Barrie-ish roguery.

Odd Scene in Bath

LIKE Eliza Doolittle, in *Pygmalion*, we know why ladies is so clean—washing's a treat for them. Hence we were interested in the demonstration by the International Bath Association of a Five-Purpose Bath for new working-class flats which would appear to make washing a treat for everybody. More than a treat, in fact—a variety entertainment. Each bath is a combined bath, wash-basin, sink, and laundry wringer. When closed, it turns into a kitchen table.

Bathing, which, as Whistler once pointed out, is a comparatively new discovery in England, has still to develop a lot—and on other lines than those noted above—before it satisfies our needs. It is still, for example, impossible to find a "hot" tap which can be turned easily with the toes, thus obviating the daily agony of lying in gradually cooling water for hours, shouting vainly for our man. Few books, again, are printed on waterproof paper, and there is no apparatus for removing spent cigarettes from the mouth and substituting fresh, lighted ones. Ideal Home Exhibitions come and go. Nothing is done.

Exasperation at not getting these necessary things leads often to the oddest kinds of delusions. We ourselves regularly get the impression, after staying in the water an hour or so, that our bath is crowded with perfect strangers, some quite famous, like Shaw, others quite obscure or occupying minor uniformed posts, like London Transport ticket-inspectors. They sit at the tap end, staring at us as if fascinated, many of them in bowler-hats. When we get out, they go. Would you write to the *Lancet* about it if you were us, or the *Psychic Times*?

The Woolworth Muse

CAREFULLY perusing the complete batch of lyrics by Princess Mdivani, *née* Hutton, which a friend has just

PEN-PUSHERS

No. 24.—Gertrude Stein

LET the Philistines continue
To write tales in simple style,
If you 've got a soul within you
That loves Art, you 'll merely smile
At their efforts crude and clumsy
That make sense in every line,
For you 'll know the charm that some see
In the stutterings of Stein.

And so every time you pick up
Some new masterpiece by Gert,
You 'll just revel in each hiccup,
Though you mayn't know for a cert
Quite of what the dame is writing
(But, of course, it 's very fine),
And there 's nothing so exciting
As the stutterings of Stein!

For her prose is often rattling
Off quick-firing word on word,
Like a Maxim or a Gatling
When a trench-raid has occurred.
And she 'll write she and she 'll write a
Lot of fine of lot lot fine
Stuff brighter stuff stuff brighter
Than the rest—oh, hell! Oh, Stein!

B. W.

Professional jealousy

sent us from New York, we asked ourselves, as often before, what irresistible force or forces urged this new poet suddenly to sing. It is a question perpetually fascinating to lovers of the Muses. One sees a bird on a bough, quite dumb. All at once it sings. Was it (the lover of melody asks himself, entranced) at the command of the Life Force; or the overwhelming urge of beauty; or a sudden charge of small-shot in the tail-feathers?

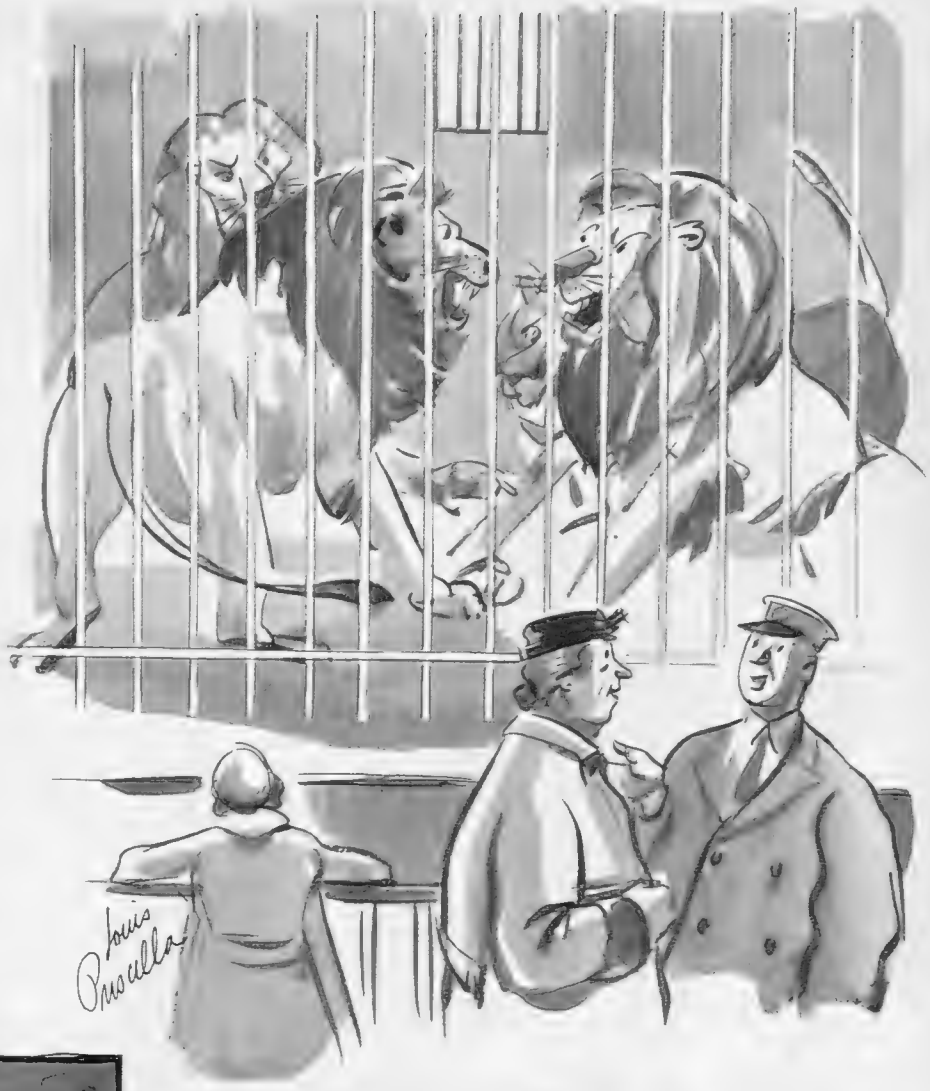
We have asked this question of not a few well-known poets of our acquaintance. Their answers varied. One, for example, was struck and transfigured by the loveliness of some woman unknown passing by a lake at evening. Another was hit by a tram in Brighton. Another began writing verse to annoy his aunt. Yet another caught sight of a beautiful wild flower on his weary way to and from the quarries. And so forth. What gave Princess Mdivani the first exquisite knowledge of her gift? A chance ode by her maid, perhaps?

That reminds us of an odd thing, too. The half-dozen most prosperous British poets of the moment *never compose any new verse themselves.* Their man does it all for them now. Did you know? Did you, perhaps, in a way, guess?

On the Nod

MUSING over a letter on Germany's re-arming, occupying more than three-quarters of a column on *The Times'* leader page, we were struck by two things (1) the cogency, clarity, and forcefulness of the phrasing; and (2) the fact that it was addressed from the Athenæum and, therefore, presumably written on a huge wad of club note-paper. This interested us, because in some clubs the secretary ultimately goes mad over this same note-paper question. Happily, there are always plenty of secretaries.

We once belonged to a club full of novelists who wrote all their novels on thick, cream-laid club note-paper. "Another ream of the best,



"The minute I leave them alone they fight like cat and dog"

William!" you would hear them cry at intervals to the writing-room waiter. Once a mild new secretary burst into hysterical tears and said to them: "Can't you afford your own paper?" A very stout, red-faced novelist shouted irritably, "No!" Next day the secretary said to him: "I see from that last divorce case, heard in camera, you were mixed up in, that you earn roughly £8000 a year. Can't you," said the secretary, suddenly crying aloud and embracing the stout novelist's knees, "*can't* you afford a few writing-pads at two bob a time?" The stout novelist said, "Listen; if I had to buy a few writing-pads at two bob a time, my income wouldn't *be* £8000 a year." The secretary then screamed aloud and tore the carpet with his teeth, and had to be removed to a home.

The only time we ever used club note-paper as lavishly as that, apart from normal BYSTANDER purposes, was when we papered a flat with it years ago, thinking the monogram rather decorative. Lord, how that secretary did carry on!

Dean Gone Sour

THE reappearance of Dr. Inge, late Dean of St. Paul's, as a weekly contributor to a London evening paper will afford his reverence fresh opportunities of airing well-known hatreds in a very fine English prose style. The ex-Dean is not unworthy to rank, at a decent distance, after those two other rather uppity Anglican deans with literary gifts, Swift and Donne. Swift was equally rancorous, but he had a good practical excuse. His politician friends let him down pretty badly and foully cheated him of a fat bishopric for services rendered, and he afterwards went mad, not unnaturally. We prefer the more human Donne, who went haywire in the direction of highly erotic metaphysical verse, a lot of it much too fine and flaming to waste on any woman.

It was the late T. Michael Pope, if we 're not mistaken, who plausibly accounted for Dean Inge's major sournesses by pointing out that not a single one of the Twelve Apostles was an English Public School man. This, you must admit, is enough to worry a Society dean almost to death.—THE BYSTANDERS.

"Pardon, Sir. Her Ladyship says to say it 's 'murders,' not 'sardines,' after all"

· FILMS of the DAY

All Things to All Men

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE

"Ruggles of Red Gap"

Egbert Floud (Charlie Ruggles), a nouveau riche requiring social education, Ruggles (Charles Laughton), the perfect valet who can instruct him, Nell Kenner (Leila Hyams), Effie Floud (Mary Boland), and the Earl of Burnstead (Roland Young), Ruggles' late master, in the comedy at the Plaza

Right: ZaSu Pitts as Mrs. Judson adds her own type of humour to the same film

ONCE upon a time a "new" actor burst on the consciousness of London theatre-goers: a stout, rather grotesque figure, who contrived to make queer, mannered, almost embarrassing gait and gestures alarmingly sinister, significant and suggestive of mental and physical decadence. In short, he incarnated that grim yet fantastic figment of Mr. Hugh Walpole's imagination, *The Man With Red Hair*. People looked in their programme for his name. It was Charles Laughton.

Towards the end of the run, the mincing, sidling walk, the flutter of the fat, white hands, the malignity of the side looks became a little accentuated. Laughton's admirers lamented: "He will never get another part to suit him . . . a one-part actor." (So few had seen him in *Paul II.*, or *Mr. Prohack*, at the Court.)

But his next success was as a French detective, and in his Gallic gesticulation was but the merest trace of habituation to Wildean manipulation, and in his consequential strut hardly a hint that he had ever crept crab-wise across Mr. Walpole's Cornish scene.

THEN the curtain went up upon Chicago, an Edgar Wallace townscape, and the centre figure, the florid, ruthless gangster of Al Capone's stature, with his Chinese mistress, his organ, his satellites, his silent "gats" and subtle means of disposing of the "stiffs," proved to be none other than the man Laughton. Comment and criticism changed their key: his versatility had asserted itself.

Since then he has played superbly, on stage and screen, a bank clerk haunted by the man he has murdered and successfully buried in his back garden, in *Payment Deferred*; Nero, fatuous tyrant and decadent sybarite; Henry VIII., the bluffest of King Hals; the cowardly, bullying trader of the jungle in *White Woman*; and now he conquers comedy characterisation as the perfect man-servant, in *Ruggles of Red Gap*.

Could parts more remote in spirit be imagined? And yet Laughton is no master of make-up. Barring Nero's nose and Harry's whiskers and a few tonsorial changes, he has scarcely encroached on Karloff's preserves! It is sheer genius which makes a man so unmistakably featured able to interpret so many phases of humanity and inhumanity.

IN the past his performances have perhaps appealed more to the mind than to the heart. They have evoked wonderment rather than sympathy, but as Ruggles, in spite of the fact that the comedy broadens at times to farce, he is a creature about whose haps and mishaps we care. Though the part is superficially lighter, the characterisation is deeper. Perhaps his Old Vic experience has added subtlety to his natural flair for histrionic effect

By now everyone knows the story: the peer's butler lost (like estates and lovely ladies in more romantic days) at a game of cards to American social climbers. He is transplanted to the Middle West, and his new duties include the social conversion of his unspeakable master But everyone must see how Laughton, Charlie Ruggles, and Mary Boland handle the really funny situations as they arise, and how the admirable (and inimitable) Ruggles, no longer a gentleman's gentleman, attains his freedom

ARISE, o modern Ovid! The metamorphoses of to-day call on your pen. When His Majesty's Theatre, in all its glory, was presided over by Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, across its stage, against a back-cloth on which the Nile flowed under brazen skies, Nubian slaves bore the litter of a dark and regal beauty, clad in purple and gold: Cleopatra's imperious profile, the flashing eyes, the langourous yet haughty movements were Constance Collier's.

The scene changes to a modern drawing-room The woman with the drawl, brilliantly and faithfully satirising a social type, summoning her lap-dog lover to run futile errands, is again Constance Collier, in Maugham's *Our Betters*.

In Hollywood they have made another mystery-drama, called *Shadow of Doubt*. One of the characters is a lady of the old school who emerges from luxurious seclusion when her nephew is involved in a murder mystery, determined to discover the real criminal. Mysteriously the plot fades into insignificance; attention is concentrated on Aunt Melissa, her wit and satire, her energy, sense and sensibility. And this is because the part is played by Constance Collier. She is too experienced in stage craft, too instinctive in screen craft to steal the picture (from Richard Cortez and Virginia Bruce), but she holds it together, gives it heart and humour, and makes of it something more than the material warrants.

Charles Laughton

Another "Ruggles of Red Gap" photograph of this brilliant actor, whose genius for comedy is now proved

The Two Rivals in Love

Danny Lyssenhop (Rosine Derean), daughter of a rich manufacturer, and Puck (Simone Simon), whose father is an eccentric philosopher, are the two girls who both fall in love with the hero of the piece, Eric, a young engineer, who, to earn some money, turns swimming instructor at Frauensee, the lake resort where Puck lives with her father

"Nice Feet are a Sign of Honesty"

Puck tells Eric (Jean-Pierre Aumont), whom she has just rescued from the lake, her father the philosopher's dictum that nice feet are a sign of honesty

"Lac-aux-Dames"

The Brilliantly-Successful French Film of Vicki Baum's Novel Comes to the Academy

Above: another photograph of Puck and Eric. On the left are Anika (Ila Merry), an ex-sweetheart of Eric's, and the young man himself, with whom all the women of Frauensee (Lac-aux-Dames) fall in love

"LAC-AUX-DAMES," which has run for seventeen weeks in Paris, has a première at the Academy on April 4th in aid of the Westminster, Belgravia and Pimlico Association for Women's Welfare. The setting of the film, in the Austrian Tyrol, is quite lovely; Simone Simon's performance as Puck is as original as it is enchanting; and Vicki Baum's story, Colette's dialogue, and Marc Allegret's clever direction all combine to produce an extraordinarily attractive film

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

OUT with your dancing-pumps, my Mayfairers! Just look at that list of coming-out dances, for example: if you can bring off your quota of what we may call the machine-guns of their kind, there will be no need to exclaim "We have piped unto you and you have not danced."

For the real heavy artillery commend me to the Charity Balls: the gunners, in in the persons of the organisers, have already done some successful range-finding, by a preliminary bombardment with advance pamphlets. All the summer will you hear the rumble of the guns Park Lane, and let us only hope the charities will benefit in proportion to the rumbling. Here are a few to commend to your notice, observing that the Dorchester and Grosvenor House divide the venues between them: Britannia, Red Hat, Battle of Flowers, Mi-Carême, One Hundred Years, Boat-Race Eve, Big Ben, Silver, Royal Empire, International, Friends of the Poor, Golden, Air League, Jubilee Jewel, Silver Gala, Playing Fields, Royal Caledonian, Silver Star, Bart.'s, Derby, Horseshoe, Debutantes', Queen Charlotte's. This is only the advance guard, so those who have to think out future titles have no easy task.

OUR own ball, to be held at the end of the Season, will be on the lines of Saint-Saëns's Danse Macabre. Volunteers are required to imitate the cock-crow at dawn, so vividly portrayed in the music. Lady Castlerosse and Lady Ashley, we hope, will be patronesses, and Lord Michelham, with his brother, Mr. Jack Michelham, will be approached with a view to arranging a tombola. Miss Olga Lynn must arrange the pageant, at which Tilly Losch, Alanova and Lady Plunket will dance.

THE brothers Michelham were seen lunching at Simpson's the other day, and the elder was looking very worried. Let us hope that he had not had bad news from his bank manager, in Coutts', across the road, to which he pays an almost daily visit.

VISITORS to Londonderry House received rather a shock on Wednesday, for, going there for a cocktail-party, it was discovered that soft drinks were provided instead. Those who were selling tickets for the Britannia Ball were very upset, for their patrons did not bid nearly so well on an iced lemonade (even though in a cocktail glass, complete with cherry), as they might have done on a nice martini. Lady Gloria Vaughan, Lady Mary Dunn, Miss Sheila Berry, and other members of the young committee did their best; Mr. David Raikes bought evening papers and sold them for 2s. apiece, to liven up the proceedings. The Ball itself, held last night, had one great novelty—artificial sea-gulls flew about the room.

I SUPPOSE that when one is of Princess-ly (by marriage) rank it is the fashion to issue official communiqués to the Press about one's matrimonial affairs. Princess Alexis Mdivani, from the seclusion of her suite at the Dorchester, has sounded a clarion note to the detriment of the Prince, who certainly has been looking very lonely lately. What about that love-nest in Venice? What about Ali Baba, the motor-boat, who must so prefer his princess-ly cargo to that of his traditional forty thieves? What about those poems? The Princess left for America on Saturday, accompanied by her cousin, Mr. "Jimmy" Donahue,

BY way of exchange from America, we shall be receiving Miss Grace Moore and Miss Lily Pons, the famous opera stars, who are also qualified by looks to appear with Les Girls. Mr. Geoffrey Toye will not allow this, however—possibly a little supper at Boulestin's or the Savoy Grill after the performance, but no more.

THE Duke and Duchess of Marlborough returned from New York last week, with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn on the same ship. So was Mr. D. H. Thompson, the gold-fish king, who travelled with 16,000 gold-fish on board the Olympic. The sight

Mrs. Kenneth Wagg as Mannequin Swaebe

Lord Inchiquin is arranging a fur model on Mrs. Kenneth Wagg's shoulders for her to display it, mannequin-wise, in the show given by a shop in which she has an interest

A Children'

Mrs. Messel, Mrs. Rona guests at the "Adventu of the Home fo

The "Clive of India" Première Too

Party for Charity

Armstrong-Jones, Lady North, and two small in "Fairyland" party at Claridge's in aid Mothers and Children, Clapham

of the Duke feeding the fish occasionally with brown-bread pellets would have been a fact worthy of entry in the ship's log.

HEIFETZ and Rachmaninoff have been the two most recent musical stars, twinkling at the Queen's Hall. The latter played his "Variations on a Theme of Paganini" to an absolutely packed house at the Royal Philharmonic Society's concert; his own piano-playing is so wonderful that it made this rather long work seem more glamorous than it was. Heifetz showed us that he is in the first three violinists in the world. Which will you pick—Menuhin, Heifetz, or Kreisler? Alanova, who is acting at the Comedy Theatre, in *Delusion*, this week—it is a play about the Russian Ballet—was there with Count Andrea de Robilant, who owns the Palazzo Mocenigo, in Venice, and Lord Ivor Churchill. The Ravensdale tiara shone from its owner's head in the dim lights of the circle, and M. Toeplitz, the big film-producer, was, as so often before, mistaken for M. Grandi, the Italian Ambassador. Always at these concerts is Mme. Facci Negrati, whose husband is one of the Secretaries to the Italian Embassy.

CLIFFORD WHITLEY has found a new batch of beauties for the Dorchester—they look the same as all the other lots, but looking at the programme I saw their names were all different. Lord Brecknock was there with his wife on the first night: Binnie Barnes was just off to where the Girls had come from—Hollywood. There were many McAlpines, including Sir Malcolm and Sir Alfred, Lady Bridget Poulett came with Mr. Charlie Birkin, while the Earl came with a girl, pretty Miss Oriel Ross. Lord Grimthorpe, Sir Harold Wernher, Mr. Fred Darling all watched with interest the balloon dance, which showed that the girls are as good in the long field as our West Indies cricketers, who seem to have missed the support of "Good old Li," in other words, Lord Tennyson. However, he is in California, composing odes to the spring (it arrived last week), and preparing to come over here for the summer, accompanied by his charming American wife.

CHARLES LAUGHTON has been a great success in *Ruggles of Red Gap*, at the Plaza. Personally, I do not find Laughton to have that versatility of acting all parts—comic, sinister, tragic, farcical—with which he is always credited.

LIGHT horses were on view last week at the Royal Agricultural Hall, an interesting place, for one week we see cars there, another there are cows, another dogs, and then horses. Lord Fortescue was well to the fore as the President of the Show, the Prince of Wales presented the Champion Cup on the Wednesday, Lord Digby proved an excellent judge.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

LORD MOUNT TEMPLE was looking very spry the other night at the Savoy, when we saw him in a party of four, including Mrs. John Dewar, whose frock matched her aquamarines to perfection. Lady Manton was in a party with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. FitzAlan Howard. Mr. Jim Lawrence had, as usual, got a good-looker with him, this time in the person of Lady Plunket. Mrs. James Horlick, we all decided, took first prize for dress, looks, and everything else. The two women M.F.H.s, Miss Kate and Miss Ella Farrer, were paying one of their flying visits to London, their ulterior motive probably being to put in an appearance at Islington (horses, in case you don't know). Mrs. Claude Leigh was having an evening's holiday from chaperoning her debutante daughter and stepdaughter. Others we saw included the sisters Lady Phyllis Allen and Lady Diana King; and Mrs. Robert Jenkinson, a mass of brown ostrich feathers, was with Sir Humphrey de Trafford. Summer's nearly here, or, at any rate, so thought Mrs. Diana Bailey, as she was neatly attired in flowered crêpe de Chine. Sir John Child had his attractive Canadian wife with him in the same party as the Ian Fyfe-Jamiesons.

MRS. JOHN ACTON'S "Easter Bonnet" (sounds like a thoroughbred, but all of you who have seen *Stop Press*

Extreme left: Mr. R. J. Minney, part-author of the play on which the film is based, is with Mr. Leslie Hore-Belisha, who shares with Herr Hitler the honour of providing England's two main topics of conversation last week

Centre, left: Lady Juliet Duff and Sir John Lavery on their way in to see Ronald Colman as Clive and Loretta Young as his wife. Sir John Lavery's has been a regular film first-night face since the earliest days of the fashion

Left: Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell arrived in time for the big film, as the House of Commons rose at nine o'clock. His eldest daughter, Miss Diana Eyres-Monsell, is with him

A Good Audience of Film First-Nighters to the Tivoli

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued)

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Lady Patricia Mackay

Has just got back to England from Singapore. She is going to appear as Scotland in the Pageant of Flowers at the Dorchester to-night

will know what we mean) caught the eye the other day when she was sitting at lunch with a girl friend in the Ritz. Lady Alexandra Haig wasn't wearing hers on this particular morning. She had on another equally eccentric hat when she had her before-lunch drink with Mr. Peter Lubbock and others. It 's not often that we have the pleasure of seeing Miss Ishbel MacDonald lunching at the Ritz, but there she was, beneath her sombrero hat. Miss Inez Quilter, as attractive as ever, was with Colonel Maitland-Kersey, tucked away in a corner. Lord Warwick started lunch with a girl friend chaperoned by three men unknown to us, and finished up by having coffee and liqueurs with Captain Tommy MacDougall and Lord Westmorland, after they had lost Lady Milbanke. Mrs. Edgar Brassey, looking even younger than her daughter (what 's the secret?—we all want to know), was another person we noticed. Talking of youthful looks reminds us that Lady Diana Duff-Cooper (did she have to pay for the glass she broke?) was also there. She puts all debutantes to shame. She had Lady Juliet Duff and Miss Olga Lynn lunching with her. If Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor meant her hair to be a cross between blue and mauve, or if it was an error on the part of the hairdresser was something else we 'd all wanted to know the answer to.

Mrs. Roland Findlay

Was sketched at the Savoy, wearing white chiffon, with orchids on her shoulder and two clips in her black hair. She is Major Harry Garrard's daughter, was married in 1927, and hunts with the Pytchley

Mrs. Jimmy Dance

Was at Mr. Aage Thaarup's house-warming cocktail-party in Grosvenor Street, wearing navy blue and a glengarry hat. She and her husband have a house in Buckinghamshire, and hunt with the Whaddon

Yet another Jellicoe is taking to "double harness," and that is Lady Gwendolen, the eldest of them all. She 's picked out a Gunner, Major Edward Latham, and is to be married at the end of next month, so the Jellicoes will all be pretty busy with weddings during the next few weeks. We 've always been told that one thing leads to another, and it certainly seems the case in that family.

• Getting Married . . .
Weddings and Engagements in Pictures—on pages 8 and C before the Frontispiece.

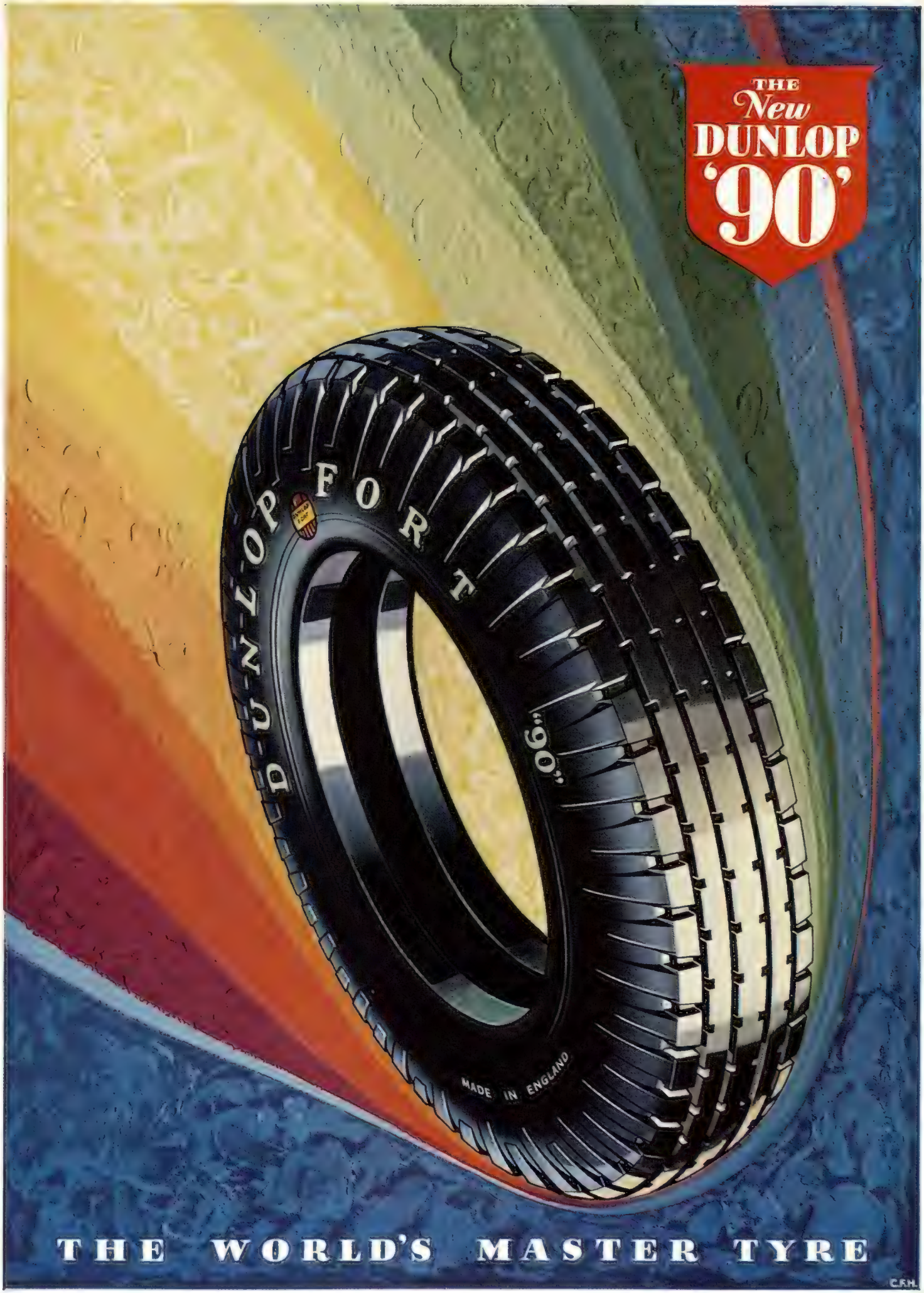
Everybody seemed to have turned up in London for the Grand Military at Sandown, and Thursday night saw almost as many meetings and greetings of old friends as on the day of the race itself. Among those seen about was Mrs. Ronnie Henderson, who seems to have gone "all Brigade," as she was wearing a sash on her evening dress of those well-known colours, dark blue and dark red. She was with Mr. Rupert Hardy. Talking of Hendersons, we also saw Mrs. David Forbes, who was one, and who has just returned from America. She was with her husband. Lady Dalkeith and Sir Hugh Seely were together, and Lord Stanley was in a large party which included Mrs. Stephen Cannon, whom we hadn't seen about for some time. Lord Burghley was one of the few men supporting a black tie, and Mr. Eric Martin-Smith was another. Mrs. Philip Cripps, looking quite lovely in black, was in a party with Captain Maurice Kingscote.

Mr. Roland Findlay

Is Sir Edmund Findlay's brother, is in the Scots Greys, and an important member of their polo team

Seen out of doors—Mrs. Arthur Somerset, out sunning herself in Bond Street, with an attractive pink velvet cravat round her neck; Lady Worthington-Evans bustling along in a rust-red suit trimmed with beaver fur; Mrs. John Hewsted ("Pinky," to her chums), neatly attired in a brown check coat, with a plain brown velvet skirt, in Grosvenor Square; Miss Mevagh Forbes, the budding film star, heading for the same Square; Mr. Nigel Seely, crossing Piccadilly, after his lunch hour or two was over.

MRS. PEEPS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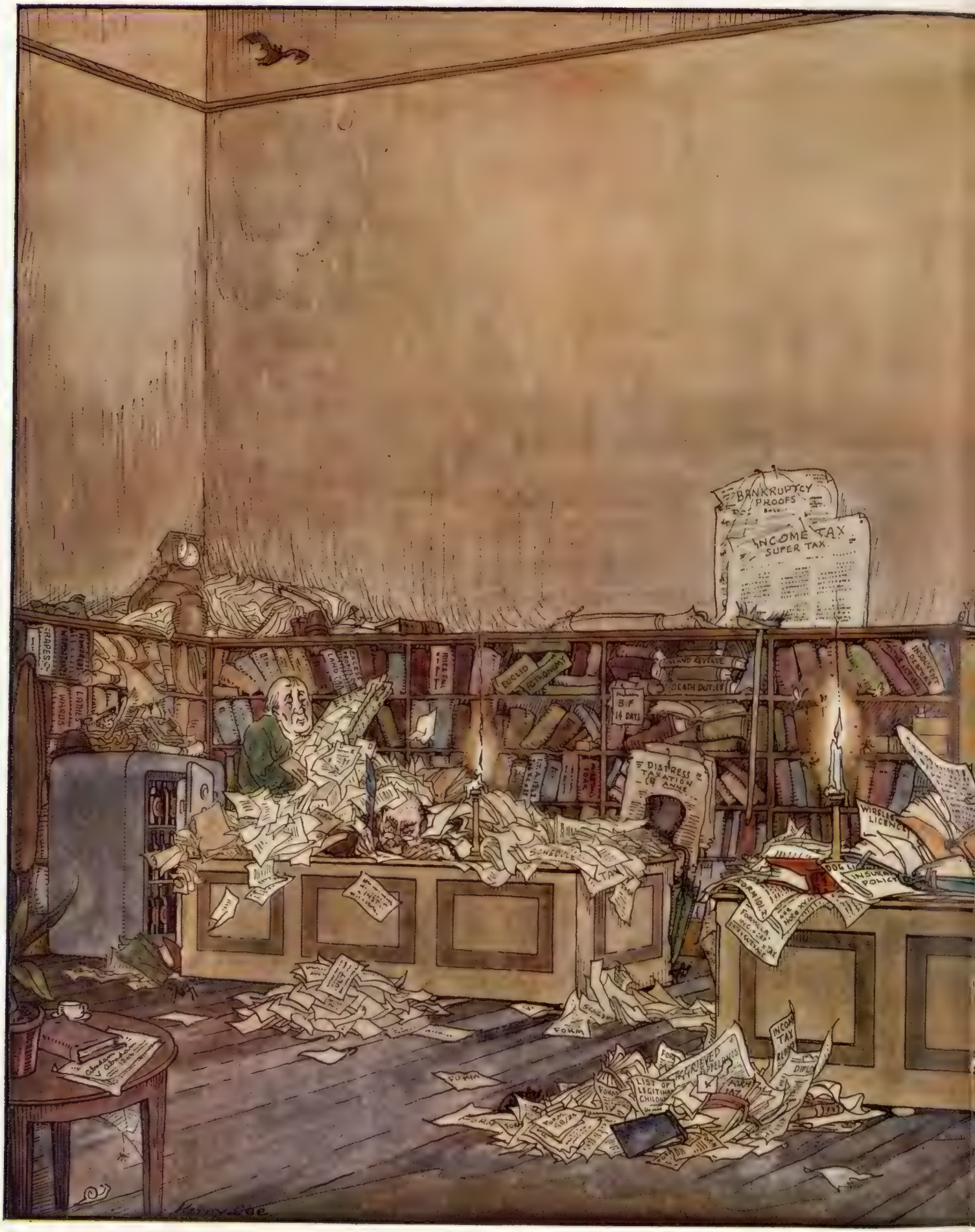

British Institutions—(perhaps): No. 2.

DRAWN BY KERRY LEE

Somerset House: the Inquisitors at Work

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A Racing Reverie

Cairo, Cheltenham and Hurst Park

By "Regular"

Cheltenham Re-Echoes

An impression by Molly Bishop of the Hon. Dorothy Paget and her trainer, Basil Briscoe, watching Golden Miller being led round the paddock before the big race

Miss Beatrice Baker, who decorates a good many race-meetings, was at Cheltenham, wearing a brown get-up that included one of these jockey-cap hats that are the thing for spring racing

GOD being willing, Mrs. Vernet being kind, and the favourites being obliging, I shall spend next winter in Egypt.

HASTENING to correct the impression you may have gathered from my opening sentence, that I have plagiarised a relation of mine, I will explain that my outburst was the result of a newspaper cutting I have received from Cairo, which reads as follows:

"Racing started with an amateur event, which was won by Lord Carnarvon, who, after Mr. Payne-Gallwey, is certainly the best amateur actually riding in Egypt. His win was due to his superior skill in the saddle, as although Roi Seti was weakening, he kept him going to the very last, to score by a length."

AND now, my friends, do you wonder that, while we are waiting for the promised land of flat racing, I should wish to spend the winter of my discontent on the banks of the Nile? When Lord Carnarvon first appears in the saddle in a bumper race, have no fear as to his fitness, as throughout his sojourn in Egypt he has been riding five times a week. "Porchy's" enthusiasm is unrivalled.

OWING to the funny business which takes place each week at Inveresk House prior to publication, my "copy" had to be in the office before the Gold Cup. You have all read columns on this epic struggle, and it suffices for me to add that it was the finest race I have ever seen in my life, between two of the greatest 'chasers of all time, trained by two great trainers, and superbly ridden by two great jockeys.

JACK ANTHONY told me at Hurst Park afterwards, that Jock Whitney did not decide to run Thomond II. till the day previously, and that the horse was at a grave disadvantage in that he had been subjected to no long-distance work.

Another version of the same kind of hat was worn by Mrs. Cecil Langlands, the wife of the well-known trainer; her sable coat looked good, too

THIS I can well believe, but, at the same time, Basil Briscoe, counting on Thomond's absence, and with the National in view, had undoubtedly been a bit "easy" with Golden Miller. After the race, Golden Miller blew harder than Thomond II., and, while I can well believe that it will have done Golden Miller good, I should not say the same of Thomond II., a very light-framed horse, who, incidentally, had by far the harder race.

I SHALL expect Golden Miller to confirm the placings with Thomond II. at Aintree, and, furthermore, I shall expect him to win the race for the second year in succession, though I am well aware

(Continued on page iv)

The Checks Ran Well at Melton

Mrs. Charles Mills and Lady Brecknock both wore check suits at Burton Lazars, where the Melton Hunt Steeplechase meeting was held

Mr. Murray Smith and Miss Ulrica Thynne had nice check overcoats for the same event, for which all Leicestershire and around turned out last week

Left: Mrs. St. John Pigot was at the Paris Bar in Monte Carlo for a before-lunch drink. Her husband is in the Coldstream Guards, and often plays golf for the Household Brigade

Right: Mr. S. H. Gardner and Mr. Lamorna Birch carrying their pictures down a country lane in Cornwall. Mr. Gardner is holding an exhibition in London next month. Mr. Lamorna Birch is the newest R.A.; he became one last year

Below: Mme. de Gripenberg, the English wife of the Finnish Minister in London, has been convalescing after her long illness at Lady (Mulleneux) Grayson's villa, Santa Mauro, at San Remo. She hopes to be back for the season; her parties in Bryanston Square are most popular events

The Riviera, from a Personality Point of View

Above, on the left, is Helen, Lady Adare, with her blonde Peke, Tulip, outside the Paris Bar. She has taken a villa at Monte Carlo; had just got back from a flying visit to Germany, where visitors' doings are somewhat restricted by their being forbidden to draw more than twenty-five marks a day

Vandamm, New York

Swaebe

Off to the Office—As It Were

An English Student in Warsaw

Miss Margaret Erskine, daughter of Sir William Erskine, who was Ambassador to Poland until last year, when he retired, was photographed at the Warsaw Academy of Arts, where she was studying

Left: an interesting photograph from New York, of John Van Druten, Katherine Cornell, Auriol Lee, and Guthrie McClintic discussing Katherine Cornell's production of Van Druten's play, "Flowers of the Forest." Its New York première is at the Martin Beck Theatre on April 8th, after a try-out at the Maryland Theatre, Baltimore, on April 4th. Auriol Lee is directing the play, and Guthrie McClintic, who is Katherine Cornell's husband, is supervising the production for his wife

ROUNDABOUT

In Five Countries, But Mostly England

A Tweed Salmon-Fishing Party

Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador in Paris, Mrs. C. F. Hamilton, Sir Paul Latham's sister, and Lord and Lady Tweeddale at Southwark, near Coldstream, on the Tweed, where they were salmon-fishing

Here's Steeplechasing at Rugby And Hunting with the Quorn

(1) Lady Lettice Ashley-Cooper, Lady Dorothy Lygon, and Mrs. Derek Jackson in the paddock at Rugby. (2) Mr. T. B. Barlow, who was riding at Rugby, is with Miss Hersey Coke. (3) Mrs. Harry Brown is talking to Mr. Luke Lillingston, M.F.H., at the same event. (4) Lord and Lady Lanesborough at the Quorn meet at Quorn House, the first meet to be held there for fifty-two years. (5) Lord Caledon walking round with Miss Anne Brocklehurst at the Quorn after-the-ball meet at Shoby Crossroads. (6) Miss Diana Battye and Miss Diana Bethell were out on foot on the Shoby day

Congratulations . . .

On Getting Engaged, Married, Christened

Below: Robert Boothby, M.P., only son of Sir Robert Boothby, and Diana Cavendish, daughter of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, and niece of the Dukes of Devonshire and St. Albans, were married at St. Bartholomew, Smithfield

Major Edward Latham and Lady Gwendolen Jellicoe

Major Edward Latham is a Horse Gunner, and is the son of Mrs. T. R. Latham, of 8, Pont Street; his fiancée is the Earl and Countess of Jellicoe's eldest daughter. They are to be married in London on April 29

The Churston Christening

Lord and Lady Churston's son and heir, John Francis Yarde-Buller, was christened at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He had Loel Guinness, Peter Laycock, Peter Grosvenor, Lady Georgiana Curzon, and Nan McGowan as godparents

The Boothby — Cavendish Wedding

Below: Mr. Derrick and the Hon. Mrs. Gascoigne and their small son after the latter's christening at Holy Trinity, Brompton. Mrs. Gascoigne is Lord O'Neill's younger sister, and married Brigadier-General Sir Frederick Gascoigne's son last year

Arthur Bamber Gascoigne Is Christened

The Hacket-Pain — Scott Wedding

Capt. Thomas Hacket-Pain, Irish Guards, elder son of the late Brig.-Gen. Sir William Hacket-Pain, and Miss Marjorie Montagu-Douglas-Scott, twin daughter of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, and a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch, were married at Holy Trinity, Melrose

Left: B. C. Gadney, the English captain and scrum-half, passing to R. Leyland in the match against Scotland at Murrayfield, which was won by the home team by ten points to seven

Below: L. A. Booth, England's wing three-quarter, gets in his kick as he is tackled by R. W. Shaw, the Scottish stand-off half, while K. C. Fyfe, a Scottish wing three-quarter, hurries up to lend a hand. Scotland's victory allows her to retain the Calcutta Cup

Scotland Win Again at Murrayfield

John Radnor on "Rugger"

Murrayfield — The Mixture As Before

So Ireland are champions, after all. Not winners of the mythical Triple Crown, but none the less champions, for the first time for thirty-six long years, during which an occasional tie has been a poor substitute for the real thing. Even now, many Irishmen are proud enough to feel that the men of 1934-35 have hardly achieved what those of 1898-99, with the turbulent Mickey Ryan and his brother among a powerful pack, did at the expense of England, Scotland and Wales—the last two in their fastnesses of Edinburgh and Cardiff.

Opinions will differ as to whether Ireland, who had to wait for the result of the final game at Murrayfield before they knew their fate, owed most to Scotland or to England.

Was it a great and thrilling Scottish revival or just another English failure on a ground on which they have never yet won a match? Was it further evidence of the mediocrity of an English team who only drew with Wales and beat Ireland at Twickenham because Boughton happened to be in crushing form as a place-kicker? Boughton, Irishmen may remark with a wry smile, had the chance to save England undeservedly against Scotland, but twice missed his mark by inches, poetic justice being done at last. Horrid thought!

Still, it's a long and dreary argument that cannot be switched off to something more cheerful. Personally, I much prefer to think of the Murrayfield game as (1) a glorious vindication of Shaw and Logan as a pair of half-backs; (2) evidence that in Murdoch Scotland may have made a find; (3) conclusive proof that Leyland, and not Heaton, is the natural partner of Cranmer in the English centre; and, last but not least, as a further demonstration of the luck and cleverness of the Rugby Union Selectors in suddenly thinking of Boughton as a full-back, who actually knows how to place-kick a ball.

If Boughton missed those two kicks at Murrayfield, at least he did so with honour and not with some ghastly foozle or slice or pull, if one may be allowed to collar a few words from the golfers.

Also—and this ought to be in large red type—it was Boughton who, more than anyone else, except, perhaps, Cranmer, retained his sense of the offensive to the bitter end. Let us not forget that it was the stocky little man from Gloucester who flung the long pass that sent Cranmer off on the run which ended in a try by Booth. Let us not forget that it was Boughton, who, in a similar manner, presented Leyland with his chance to make the run of the match, an effort which seemed to have pulled England right out of the fire, until it was realised that something had gone wrong at the last moment. Cruel blow to Leyland in perhaps the greatest moment of his football career: Booth, the man who had backed him up, also had over-run the ball and had to be called back for a forward pass!

There were hot arguments as to how the referee, who was a good many yards behind, detected the forward pass. But to dispute this decision and yet be scrupulously fair to both sides, it is necessary to admit how desperately near a thing it was between a hit corner-post and a legitimate touch down when Booth's dive over for a try coincided with Marshall's tackle. A sporting, or perhaps one should say, conscientious, Scottish touch-judge encouraged the referee to allow a try and—well, there you are.

Then, to go a long way further back in search of compliments to Boughton, there was that anxious twenty minutes at the start of the match, before England had even reached their opponents' "25," when the last line of defence was tested to the uttermost and in every way. Boughton had to field rolling kicks ahead with a back and several forwards in hot pursuit—once he did well even to get there first, for Murdoch was a terror in support of Shaw's and his own punts ahead.

On another occasion, Boughton flabbergasted all those who suspected him of being slow on his feet by turning round suddenly to field a cross kick which had caught him properly on the wrong foot. On top of all this, Boughton brought off two saving tackles and mostly kicked well to touch. Who, then, shall complain that he failed by very little to land a penalty goal and a placed goal from a try?

And now, what of the firm of Heaton and Leyland, Telegraphic Address, "Match-winners, Lancashire"? Here, again, let us be generous in our grouse that the English scoring power this season has been a staggering disappointment. Which it has been.

The evidence supports the sad belief that, if Heaton lacks the tireless energy of a Cranmer and the sprightly persistence of Leyland, he lacks still more the combinative sense expected of an English centre. At Murrayfield, there was one last ringing of the changes as between Heaton, Leyland and Cranmer when Leyland was brought in from the wing to replace Heaton, and at once began to make his presence felt in a second half that was far from going all the way for England.

If one is cruel enough to regard Heaton as an exploded force—for England, not Lancashire—it is at least nice to think that Leyland at last was able to vindicate himself as a midfield player, not only by his great dodging run from his own "25" into the Scotsmen's danger zone: one also noted some splendid tackles of Dick, just when that young player, who has never looked himself this season, was running into last year's form.

And this brings a study of the main points in the back play at Murrayfield to a proper appreciation of Shaw and Logan, who a few cantankerous Scotsmen had regarded as discredited by, as well as submerged in, the rout at Dublin. Perhaps the smothering of the great little Cliff Jones at Belfast showed that no player can do much if the ball only reaches him at the same time that an opponent lands on his chest.

At any rate, Shaw and Logan—thanks to a lively, gallant and well-trained pack, who actually outstayed the heavier but slower Englishmen—had another chance at Murrayfield, and to a great extent silenced all their critics. In saying this, I must admit that, in the development of passing movements, the Scottish backs, as a whole, were little better than England's. But, if he did nothing else, Shaw achieved a big thing in finding the way to tackle Auty after that brilliant but erratic player had cut through and away from his centres. It was speed and swerve against speed, wits and stamina, and Shaw's superiority in all three did more to turn the scales in favour of Scotland than anything else

"Gallop a Trot, Trot, Trot"

Horse and Foot at Four Point-to-Point Meetings

The Salisbury Plain Race Club at Windmill Hill

Above are Miss Mary Collins and Miss Turnbull in twin check suits, with Major Phipps Hornby between them. Above, right, are Major Trevor Horn, Major Alastair Macintyre, and Mrs. Keith Menzies. This was at the Club's Bona Fide Military Meeting, at which all the soldiers of "the Plain" turn up in force

The Welsh Guards' Point-to-Point

Above: Miss Field Marsham and the Hon. Mrs. Archie Cubitt at Stratton Audley Manor, where the Welsh Guards' races finished, at a meet of the Bicester and Warden Hill. Above, right: Major Sir Alexander Stanier has his cap fixed by Lady Stanier at Goddington Hall, where the races started. Right: Mr. J. C. Lewis, owner of the first and second horses in the Light-weight Race, with Mrs. Fox-Pitt and Lieut.-Colonel W. A. F. L. Fox-Pitt, who rode the winner, Lonely Haine

The 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards' Meeting in Essex

Above, at the top, are Mr. Brasier-Creagh and Miss Magor. Below them are Miss B. Dawes, Mr. A. Carr, and Miss Carr. Below again is Lord Kildare, Lord Leinster's son, who is a subaltern in the Inniskillings, with Mr. Denis FitzGerald and Miss Betty Fordham. The meeting was at Wick Farm, near Colchester

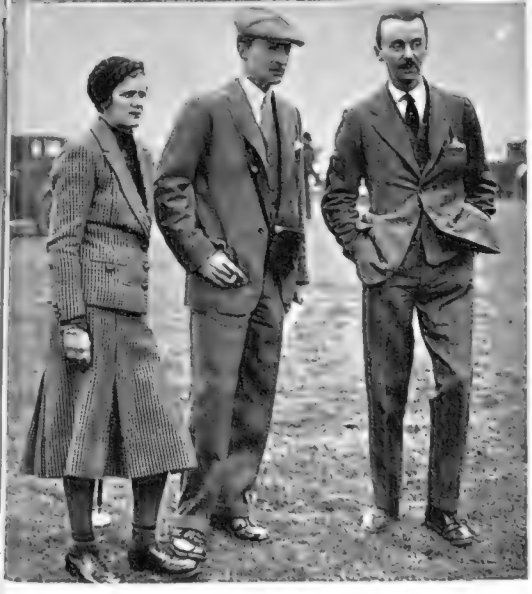
Lord Cowdray is with the Hon. Lavinia Strutt and Miss Ruth Primrose. His horses, Mr. Switch and Mr. Triplex, were third in the Light- and Heavy-weight Races, owner up

Above are Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Crawley watching their Auld Glory being saddled before a race. On the right is Lady Harcourt with her dachshund. The joint Whaddon Chase - Grenadier - Coldstream point-to-point was held, in perfect spring weather, at Nash

Mr. Cecil Lomax is with the Hon. Elizabeth Brand, Lord Hampden's daughter

Miss Muriel Wright is with Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Lord Ancaster's younger daughter, who was third on her Bonny Bess in the Nomination Open Ladies' Race

The Whaddon Chase Plus Grenadier and Coldstream Guards' Meeting



Left, above: the Hon. Penelope Mills, Lord and Lady Hillingdon's debutante daughter, is with Lord Cadogan, her cousin, who was third in the Coldstream Guards' race

Left: Major and Mrs. Browning and Major Sir John Aird, owner of the horses that came in first and second in the Grenadier Guards' race. Mrs. Browning was Daphne du Maurier, and writes under her maiden name

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

The Monstrous Regiment of Books

By A. G. Macdonell

THE torrent of new books is running so fast that I am in danger of being swamped. My only chance this week of striking out for the shore is to seize six or seven of them and use them as life-belts, instead of the niggardly four which have hitherto buoyed me gently into haven.

And, pretty readers, understand that you are getting extra measure this week. For if I review fifty books in one week, my labour is fifty-fold, but my pay is stationary.

THE first in importance is *The Great Tudors*, edited by Miss Katharine Garvin (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 10*s.* 6*d.*). I have seldom come upon such a magnificent half-guinea's-worth. Nearly seven hundred pages of biography of various sixteenth-century Masters, written by various twentieth-century Masters, are enough to make anyone's mouth water. Mr. Hilaire Belloc, to put first things first, is learned, eloquent, and provocative about Lord Burghley; Mr. Peter Fleming is amusing about Sir Humphrey Gilbert; Sir Nigel Playfair—alas! dead so soon—discusses Burbage; and Mr. Douglas Woodruff, that combination of mediæval scholar and modern wit, takes John Fisher. But it is impossible to do justice to such a large book in such a small space. I can only say that it is an ideal volume to take away on a quiet holiday to occupy the mind pleasantly and profitably when the last trout of the evening has risen and the last putt has been missed.

J. B. Morton

Even better known as "Beachcomber," whose new book, "Stuff and Nonsense," has lately been published. The above is a reproduction of a portrait by Cathleen Mann

MR. MILWARD KENNEDY has been, up to now, among our most ingenious and subtle writers of detective-stories. His new one, *Poison in the Parish* (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*), seems to me to be a definite step in a rather important direction. For the first time, Mr. Kennedy has subordinated subtlety of plot to subtlety of characterisation, and has paid less attention to the task of baffling the reader than to the task of interesting him. Thus, *Poison in the Parish* loses somewhat as a problem-book, and gains immensely as a study in psychology. Indeed, there are moments when the reader almost feels that he is reading a detective-novel by Henry James. And that is why I say that this may be a step in a rather important direction. For it looks to me as if this may be the last of Mr. Kennedy's detective-novels, and that his next book may be a real novel. If I am right, his real novel may well astonish the critics and storm the public.

"SHE STANDS ACCUSED" is a series of sketches of famous trials in which women have been accused of murder. The author is Mr. Victor MacClure, and the publisher Harrap (7*s* 6*d.*). The selection ranges from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, and so the later sinister celebrities have been omitted. One or two of the sketches are dull and sordid; one or two, particularly the Overbury case, are very exciting. Mr. MacClure has evidently studied his history and his documents very carefully. It is all the greater pity that his writing should be sometimes so pedantically priggish, and sometimes so journalistically skittish. Personally, I cannot stand the description of a girl as a "cuddlesome morsel," nor do I know what is meant of a man that he is a "scortatory old scab."

"BLUE SURGE," by Mr. J. E. Pile (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a capital tale. There is no nonsense in it, no fine writing, no rambling psychology. It sets out to amuse, and it succeeds in amusing. It is full of sea-captains, stowaways, convicts, gun-runners, South American politics, revolutions, and, in fact, all the ingredients that go to make up a quiet evening in front of an English fireside. For lovers of hearty, handsome, humorous adventure I recommend this first novel.

"MONKEY'S JAM" is an interesting novel by Miss Mabel L. Tyrrell (Hodder and Stoughton; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and its main interest lies in its remarkably skilful distinction between the English and the French national characters. The hero is the son of an Englishman who is a nonentity, and a Frenchwoman who is very far from being a nonentity. She is, in fact, a typical, ruthless, grasping, land-adoring old peasant-at-heart. The son's instinct turns to his father, and when the war breaks out he crosses to England and tries to enlist in the British Army. Meanwhile, his mother neatly arranges for him to be disinherited in favour of his younger, and most unpleasant, brother. The whole book is really a struggle between English and French instincts, and the theme is brilliantly, and with a high degree of originality, worked out. In a welter of fifth-rate novels, it is a relief to find one that is so unexpected and so sincere.

IF you are proposing to cross Russia by the Trans-Siberian railway—perhaps you are not: I do not know—I advise you to take with you *Best Murder Stories* (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It contains no fewer than twenty-two exciting tales which have already received the cachet of publication in magazines. Among the authors are Stacy Aumonier, Thomas Burke, who practically invented Limehouse and the Chinese laundry; Miss Dorothy Sayers, and Mr. Roy Vickers. The rest are not so well known, but nevertheless their stories are very entertaining. A particularly neat one is *Wire*, by Mr. Frank King, in which compression is carried to a remarkable length (both by the murderer and the author).

"JAM — TO-MORROW" (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a first novel by Mr. Basil Collier. It is about modern young people who drink other people's drinks too much, and pay their own bills too seldom, and, in so far as it deals with that sort of person, it covers the old, old, familiar ground. The cocktail never had any drama in it in real life at any time, and precious little in fiction. Now, after all these years, it is as dull as dull can be. But Mr. Collier's merit lies, not in his re-hash of an already super-hashed little section of humanity, but in his quick and clever writing. His one slashing error is his introduction, not only of a devastating bore, but of verbatim reports of the bore's devastating talk. Apart from this, *Jam—To-morrow* is food for a nice, passing hour, when the cares of this world are not too distracting for concentration.

A GENTLE, unobtrusive book is another first novel, *Everyday*, by Miss Elena Shayne (Cape; 7*s.* 6*d.*). It records, in the form of a diary, the thoughts and experiences of a young Devonshire girl, in Devon and on a Mediterranean cruise. There is no sort of emotion, and only a trifle of action, in it, but it is so well written that it is possible to look forward, if not with eagerness, at least with interest, to Miss Shayne's next book. There, pretty reader, are eight books for your money. But do not get arrogant. Next week there may be only two.

FASHION . . .

as it flies . . . by Elizabeth

Black double-wool crêpe and stitched taffeta make this distinctive frock and cape from the ready-to-wear department on the second floor at Jay's, Regent Street. The dress is cut on simple lines with a taffeta yoke which forms the top part of the corsage and short sleeves. This idea is repeated in the wide taffeta hem. The circular cape is made of the same material, edged all round with a wide band of stitched taffeta. The high neck ties with scarf ends, while a suède belt in faded rose lends a touch of colour. This ensemble is also available in navy blue and costs 9½ guineas

For Golf and Country Wear

In view of the "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Golf Foursomes, which will be played at Ganton (Scarborough) on Monday, April 1st, Marshall and Snelgrove, Scarborough, are making a special feature of fashions suitable for both players and spectators. Pictured above is a green suède coat with a zip fastener down the centre and a belt across the back. The trouser skirt is in green frieze and costs 49s. 6d., while the coat is priced at 98s. 6d.

For those who intend to watch rather than play, there is this knitted ensemble, which only costs 5½ guineas, and may also be seen at Marshall and Snelgrove. The three-quarter-length navy blue coat is semi-fitting, with blue and white check collar and cuffs which carry out the scheme of the check skirt. This has a wrap-over on the left side which suggests a knife-pleat. The soft wool jumper for 25s. 6d. has a becoming yoke collar in fancy cable stitch

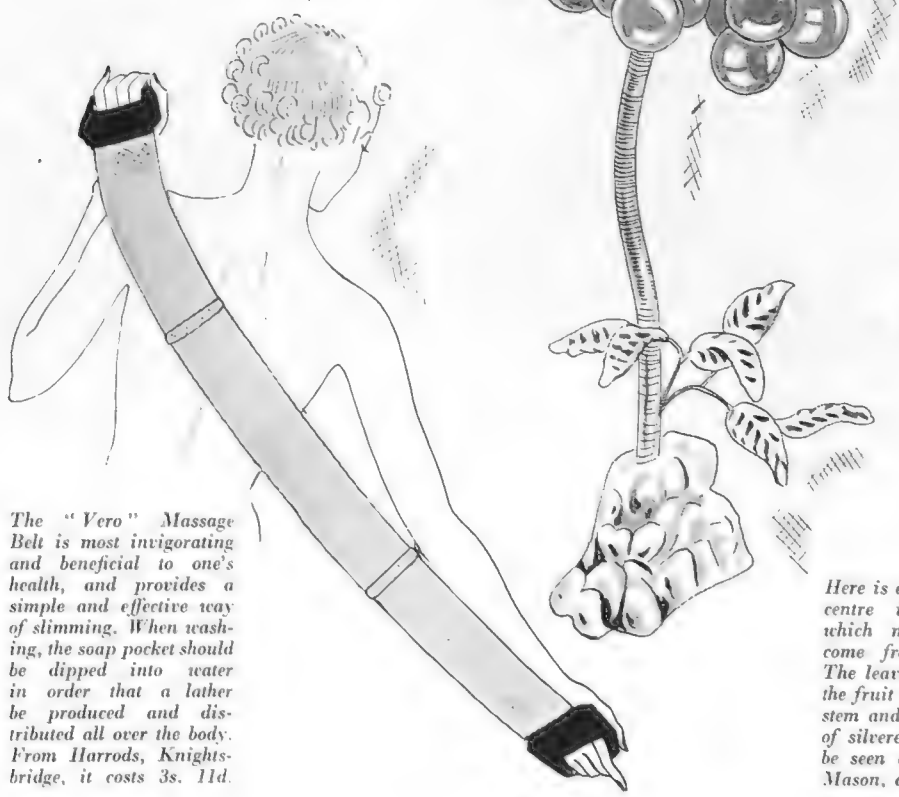
Photographs by Lenare

The Bystander Twins in Search of Novelties

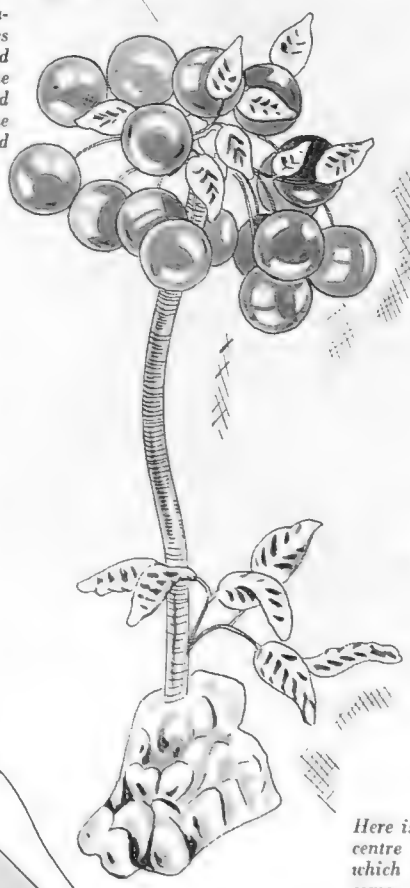
Discovered by Peta ; Pictured by Pam

Here are two ultra-smart black kid gloves from Marshall and Snelgrove, Leeds. The top pair are stitched with white, while the others are embroidered with fancy beads

The vogue for mirrored glass is showing itself in dressing-table accessories as well as furniture. This set comes from Fortnum and Mason, 181, Piccadilly, and is expressed in a beautiful shade of amber. The hand-glass is reversible, while the powder-box is lined with an enamel finish which is washable



The "Vero" Massage Belt is most invigorating and beneficial to one's health, and provides a simple and effective way of slimming. When washing, the soap pocket should be dipped into water in order that a lather be produced and distributed all over the body. From Harrods, Knightsbridge, it costs 3s. 11d.



Here is an amusing table-centre in blown glass which might well have come from the tropics. The leaves are white and the fruit yellow, while the stem and stalks are made of silvered wire. It may be seen at Fortnum and Mason, and costs 37s. 6d.

This delightful bag and scarf in blue and white shantung also come from Fortnum and Mason. The bag has a white pristal handle, and the triangular scarf may be worn in several different ways. Both these are available in a variety of attractive colours

Golf Clubs at Home

Thorndon Park, Essex—Including the Nineteenth!

Above: semi-aerial view of the nineteenth. Closer inspection cordially invited

Above: W. N. Vernall (ex-captain and president, Essex County A.G.U.), C. J. Kortright (ex-captain and famous fast bowler), Captain G. B. Macdonald (captain), and Arthur Piper (secretary)

J. M. Kerr, A. E. Jones (hon. auditor), and G. Woodman (ex-captain) three members arm in arm

Right: H. E. Ingle (committee-man), and H. Bradley about to play

Below: R. S. Forsyth and C. W. Gardner

Above: H. Ashton talks to R. A. Macqueen

Below: O. Meikle off with H. H. Mauldin

Above: Dr. D. H. Derry in conversation with A. H. Sherry

J. C. Luckin, G. H. N. Parker (ex-captain), and W. L. Ridley

Left: E. M. Gidden and J. G. Dixon by the club-house

A Conundrum for Golfers

By J. S. F. Morrison

An incident, not without interest, occurred a short time ago in the Meeting of the Guildford and District Golfing Alliance on the course of the Woking Golf Club. At Woking, to reach the fourteenth tee from the thirteenth green, it is necessary to pass by the twelfth tee. Mr. A, who had played over the course for the first time in the morning, when playing in the afternoon in a foursome against bogey, drove in error from the twelfth tee towards the fourteenth green. I purposely did not write "down the fourteenth fairway," as this article concerns, to some extent, the rules of the game, and although many players, and even green committees, are apparently not aware of the fact, the word "fairway" does not appear in the Rules of Golf. The question was: "What does A do now?" When I left the club-house at Woking about 6.30 p.m., numerous discussions, which had started two hours earlier, were still taking place, and some of the leading professionals, as well as amateurs, were giving at length their own opinions on the subject, which varied considerably. A bogey competition, according to the rules, is a form of stroke competition, and therefore the rules for Stroke Play apply. I will quote some of the rules which apply to this case, as I am very doubtful if any of my readers will take the trouble to look them up.

Stroke Rule 7 (2) reads: "Playing outside the limits of the teeing ground.—If at any hole a competitor plays his first stroke outside the limits of the teeing ground, he shall count that stroke, tee a ball, and play his second stroke from within these limits." Penalty, disqualification.

Rules for stroke play foursome competition read: "The special rules for stroke competitions shall apply to stroke play foursomes, and where the context so admits, the word 'competitor' shall be held to include the partner." Mr. A is playing in a foursome, and after playing his second stroke from within the limits of the teeing ground is doubtful whether he or his partner should have played this stroke. Rule 3 reads: "Order of play in threesome and foursome.—In a threesome or foursome the partners shall strike off alternately from the teeing ground, and thereafter the players shall strike alternately during the playing of each hole." Penalty in match play, loss of hole. Penalty in stroke play, disqualification. Mr. A has undoubtedly played two consecutive strokes, as Rule 7 (2) decrees that the shot from the twelfth tee was a stroke and not a "penalty stroke." A penalty stroke does not affect the rotation of play. No doubt the reader has decided for himself from the information which I have given him whether Mr. A was correct or not. If he has any doubts on the subject, he can read the correct solution at the end of this article.

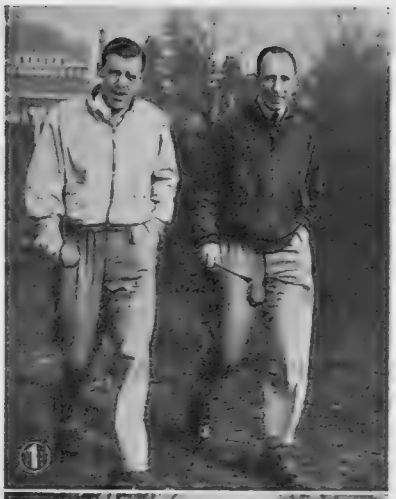
At the ninth hole at Mildenhall, where there is a long walk back to the tee, players in foursomes usually agree amongst themselves that, if a ball is driven "out of bounds," the same player shall play the second shot. This arrangement not only saves the partner a long walk, but also eliminates delay. I should like to see this arrangement find favour with the Rules of Golf Committee.

Apparently, when the Rules of Golf were drawn up, very few ladies played the game, as many of the rules do not apply to females.

In my article of March 13th, owing to a misprint, the year in which Tolley played his historic match against Gardner in the final of the Amateur Championship at Muirfield was given as 1922. Of course, as most golfers know, it should have been 1920. After his victory in this championship, Tolley was elected an honorary member of the Sunningdale Golf Club. Many people believe that this honour was conferred on him because he won the Championship. This is not so. He was elected an honorary member of Sunningdale because he kept the Championship cup in this country.

Solution to Problem.

Mr. A was correct. He himself should play the second stroke from within the limits of the teeing ground. The word "he" in Rule 7 (2) makes this clear, and Rule 3 decrees that the players shall strike alternately from the teeing grounds. If Mr. A's partner had played the second shots from within the limits of the teeing ground, the side would have lost the hole, as the partners would not have driven alternately from the teeing grounds. Some years ago a few players in foursome play, when playing with very bad players, and when their partners had to attempt a long carry from the tee, the result of which would be fatal if the carry was not achieved, used to tell their partners to miss the ball on purpose, and then play the tee shot themselves. The definition of the stroke was altered to put a stop to this practice, and now is: "A forward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball." (Note the word "intention.") If Mr. A's partner was entitled to play the second stroke, the good player in a foursome could, whenever he desired to do so, play two from the tee himself by the simple means of getting his partner to play outside the limits of the teeing ground. You may say, "But what about match play?" The opponents would naturally not recall the bad players tee shot, but the bad player could still get the better of the argument by teeing his ball two inches short of the hole, when his opponents would most certainly recall the shot.



(1) Captain Jennings and Captain Moscardi. (2) Major R. D. Keane and Colonel J. C. Wickham. (3) E. G. Broome and Captain P. L. Wilkinson. (4) W. H. Kean, Major P. A. Ullman and Captain Daldy. (5) Major W. A. M. Stawell and Major W. H. Aitken. (6) J. H. S. Bowring and G. L. Baker

Sappers at Sunningdale: The R.E.'s Golfing Society's Spring Meeting

Rugby Clubs at Home: Southport at Hillside

Specially drawn for the "Bystander" by H. H. Harris

Below: Frank Hollings

Nick Nicholl

Rex Evans

Merlyn Thomas

George Rogans

Tom Scott, full back

Bobby Scott, scrum-half

George White, captain

J. G. Johnson, chairman

W. T. Johnson

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SHE IS TELLING THEM *about*

the new Jaeger Sports-Shop

where Sports Clothes can be bought in an atmosphere as bracing as the sports themselves. She is telling them to ask Miss Di Crewdson about mountain clothes, and let her choose them amusing jackets with gay scarves.

She is telling them a 'shorts' story about the Jaeger man-tailored shorts, the kilted shorts and the short shorts, and about the marvellous shirt-maker tennis dresses.

She is telling them about the golf suits with divided skirts and 'crazy' shirts . . . about the cruise clothes, tough peaked caps, bandanas, sailor-girl sweaters and rope belts.

She is telling them to be sure to wander round the Jaeger Rendezvous, to buy their latest this and that at the Etcetera counter, and to see design at its best in the wonderful little Bag Shop.

She is telling them to visit the Jaeger Fashion Floor immediately, if they wish to keep abreast of 1935.

JAEGER HOUSE

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THERE ARE JAEGER AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN

New 'Planes—Higher Speeds

By Charles Ward

Left: guests and hosts at the Northants Aero Club dinner—from l. to r.: Mr. "Ken" Waller, who instructs at Lympne and flew a "Comet" in the Australian race; Lord Willoughby de Broke, president of the club; Mr. C. W. A. Scott, the MacRobertson Trophy winner with Campbell Black: Captain G. R. D. Shaw, chairman of the club

Right: monospars for Australia. Mr. Whitney Straight, a director of the manufacturing company, General Aircraft, with the Rt. Hon. Stanley Bruce and Mrs. Bruce at Hanworth, during an inspection of the aircraft before shipment. Sir Maurice Bonham-Carter is chairman of General Aircraft

Personalities in the Air

THE Prince of Wales, who is our leading owner-pilot, has just bought two new 'planes, both of the Dragon "Rapide" type. Since he took up flying seriously, about six years ago, he has been consistently faithful to the products of de Havilland, never having less than one Moth about the place until he took to a Dragon ordinaire and a Vickers "Viastra." One hears little of Moths nowadays, principally because there are so many of them in the air. De H.'s must have built a number approaching 4000, what with the open two-seaters, the Hawk, Puss, Tiger, Leopard and the Giant Moths. There are more Moths to come—a side-by-sider this summer, and perhaps a speed model for racing. Another distinguished Moth owner is the Duchess of Bedford, who is planning a further African tour. Her last journey was to North and West Africa. Her next will be to Timbuctoo, Kano, in Northern Nigeria, Khartoum, and home via the Nile Valley and the Mediterranean. This trip will include crossing the Sahara from north to south, following the Franco-Belgian air route, afterwards flying east along a line south of the Desert and across the widest part of the African continent. Her pilot is Flight-Lt. R. Preston, and, of course, the Duchess has a pilot's ticket herself. Talking of Africa, I hear that Air Commodore J. G. Hearson, who retired to the Sunny South when he left the Royal Air Force, has joined the board of Geological Air Surveys. This is one of the Hemming group of companies which have been formed to carry out prospecting and photography, the resultant maps being interpreted to indicate the geology of the country surveyed.

Towards the Moon

THE Air Ministry is to place an order for a 'plane to explore the stratosphere. From the States comes the news that Wiley Post's latest attempt to fly high from Los Angeles to New York in 7 hours was not successful; but he maintained a speed of 340 miles an hour for a thousand miles or more, and was only forced down through a leak in the oxygen supply. This high-flying business is getting serious. In Russia the scientists have taken to rockets, and the verb "to hurtle" will be inadequate to express the speed, coupled with noise, which it is expected to realise. Rocket-propelled flight depends on a series of explosions, which must be carefully timed in order that a journey may be continuous and not a series of gigantic jerks, which would be most uncomfortable. The Moon is the goal of rocket enthusiasts. According to the American Professor Goddard, the Moon can be reached, in theory, in 36 hours. This necessitates an initial speed of 7 miles a second to overcome gravity whilst passing through the earth's atmosphere, after which the 'plane would slow down to a mere 2 miles a second for the bulk of the trip. No scheme has been devised for returning from the Moon, so rocket flight may yet solve the problem of what to do with our surplus population.

The King's Cup Race and Other Fixtures

THE race for the cup presented annually by his Majesty will start and finish at Hatfield on Friday and Saturday, September 6th and 7th. This year's eliminating course is approximately 950 miles in length, covering a circuit of the country, and includes landings in Scotland, Northern Ireland and Wales. The race provides a test of skill and navigating qualities of the pilots, as well as the speed and reliability of the aircraft. The latter will be divided into two classes, those whose engine power does not exceed 150 horse-power, and the remainder in excess of that power. There will be no handicap for the eliminating contest on the first day, but the first ten machines in each of the two classes will race on estimated performance handicaps in the final. The later date chosen for this year's race should ensure a big field—incidentally, Lord Wakefield's contribution to the prize fund is £1000, and there will be other prizes, as in previous years. Some important fixtures during the season that have been notified to the Royal Aero Club are the London Club's Garden Party at Hatfield on June 8th; the R.A.F. Flying Club's Display at the same aerodrome on June 15th; and, the greatest spectacle of all, the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon, on June 29th.

A Prize for Speed

THE Air Ministry is offering a prize of £25,000 for the best British machine to be produced in the medium-size air-liner class which is at the same time really fast. The sort of 'plane wanted is equivalent to the Douglas in capacity. Avro's latest for Imperial Airways has a top speed of nearly 200 miles an hour, a very considerable improvement on past form. De Havillands, with their experience of the "Comet" and the Dragon "Rapide," Hawkers and Faireys, with their knowledge of supremely fast fighting aircraft, are all capable of producing something sensational. Meantime the Douglas is established on the route from London to Switzerland, one making an experimental journey from Basle non-stop in 2½ hours. Imperial Airways' liners can cover 2000 miles a day when necessary. The recent upheaval in Greece caused a diversion from the usual route, and considerable delay from Egypt to the south and east. "Amalthea," one of the liners on the African route, flew from Moshi, close by Mount Kilimanjaro, to Johannesburg, a distance of more than 2000 miles, in 19 hours, calling at all the usual halts.

Going—Going—Gone!

The Eleventh Annual Dinner of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers at the Savoy

(1) Mrs. L. F. Arnold and Sir Ernest Graham-Little, M.P., M.D. (2) Sir Henry Pelham, K.C.B., Secretary of the Board of Education, and Mr. H. E. Fass, C.B., Public Trustee. (3) Alderman Sir Percy Vincent and Sir William Rothenstein, Principal of the Royal College of Art

(4) Mr. A. E. Cutforth, President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants, and Sir Roy Lister Robinson, Chairman of the Forestry Commission. (5) Lady Unwin and the Rt. Hon. Lord Chesham, President, the National Federation of Property Owners

(6) Mrs. H. C. Cole, Mr. Alan Arnold, President of the Chartered Surveyors' Institution, and Colonel H. C. Cole, C.B.E. (7) Mr. Gilbert Gardener, President of the Central Association of Agricultural Valuers, Lady Graham-Little, and Sir Raymond Unwin, past President of the R.I.B.A. (8) The Very Rev. W. R. Matthews, Dean of St. Paul's, Lady Hilton Young, and the Rt. Hon. Sir E. Hilton Young, Minister of Health. (9) Mr. Arthur G. Minter, President of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers, Mrs. A. G. Minter, and the Rt. Hon. Lord Cranworth, Deputy President of the Central Landowners' Association

(10) Lady Vincent and Mr. Norman L. Ball, past President of the Incorporated Society of Auctioneers. (11) Mr. L. F. Arnold, immediate past President of the I.S.A., and Mrs. Mordaunt Rogers. (12) Mrs. W. R. Matthews and Sir John Houldsworth Shaw, Solicitor to the Board of Inland Revenue

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

A Sculling Enthusiast

Brigadier-General Darrell takes his morning exercise sculling at Putney in the same boat he used thirty years ago. This is his only exercise since he met with an accident to his foot. He won the Diamond Sculls in 1907, and was coached for that race by "Bossy" Phelps, also seen in the picture

The Ladies' London Foursomes, at Wentworth

Top: Miss D. M. Allen and Mrs. L. E. Giffen (Verulam), and Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp and Miss A. M. Hyde (Lady Golfers' Club, holders). The Holders won by 7 and 6

Beneath: Miss J. Hill and Mrs. R. F. Potter (Burhill) and Mrs. A. C. Johnston and Miss M. Raworth (St. George's Hill). Burhill won a close match at the twentieth

Founder's Day at Harrow

Dr. Vellacott, the Headmaster of Harrow, seen centre, sitting among the boys on the occasion of the football match on Founder's Day. It will be noticed that the boys are wearing the peculiar hats which then make an annual appearance

FAR and away the most important happening in sport these last few days is the entry of Sheffield Wednesday into the Football Association Cup Final. The Yorkshire club have played convincing football to win their way to Wembley. Next month, I expect them to secure the trophy; and this without much difficulty.

Truth is, the Wednesday are now among the best teams in the country. Indeed, there are shrewd "Soccer" experts who have it that they are the outstanding side of the season They have made rapid progress in the last twelve months for a very simple reason: in William Walker they have, perhaps, the cleverest manager of the present day.

Mr. Walker is in the Herbert Chapman tradition. With his playing days finished—do you recall "Billy" Walker, the famous Aston Villa forward?—he went to Sheffield Wednesday as manager. At first he was criticised for parting with established favourites at the Hillsborough ground, but he went on in his own way, steadily building up a new side.

He showed that he possesses just the right touch of showmanship when, early this season, he experimented with the two-referee system of controlling matches. In a private match on the Hillsborough ground, Mr. Walker tried out the scheme; a few weeks later the Football Association agreed to experiment with the idea in amateur and full International trial games.

Good publicity, this. But Mr. Walker's genius for putting the Wednesday into the headlines did not stop there: we next heard of him coaching his players from the grandstand by means of a loud-speaker. As the men played a trial game, the manager sat by a microphone and gave his instructions, stopping play now and again to tell a man where he went wrong.

Some of the Competitors

Colonel F. A. S. Gentry (Oxford), who gains his military title through being in the Virginia Militia. Oxford's weight-putter

"Rugger" Players on the Links

H. Boughton, A. T. Payne, R. Leyland, J. Heaton, R. J. Longland, and A. Clarke, six of England's International "Rugger" team, indulging in golf at North Berwick previous to playing Scotland at the more strenuous game at Murrayfield

"O That This Too, Too Solid Flesh Would Melt"!

J. M. Duckworth, the Cambridge cox (left), riding his bicycle with D. G. Kingsford, a member of the crew, in an endeavour to take 14 lb. off his 8 st. 4 lb. before the Boat Race is rowed

This was good publicity and good psychology. He got his players "keyed up" for the big occasion. And so the club has been piloted through the early Cup shoals, with a notable away victory over Wolverhampton Wanderers, and then a splendid triumph over the Arsenal.

Next—and this is not generally known—Mr. Walker got a news-reel company to give his men a private view of the Wednesday-Arsenal game on the screen. The film was run over at normal speed, I understand, and then much slower, so that Mr. Walker could give a lecture on the players' faults. A new idea, this. And a mighty good one. I do not say the men learned very much from the film, but it certainly put them in the right frame of mind for the critical semi-final duel with Burnley on the Villa Park ground.

And so we find William Walker stealing much of the Arsenal's thunder this season. He has done it all, at that, without any spectacular transfer deals. Indeed, more than one of his players have been snapped up at bargain prices; unwanted by other clubs, they have gone to Hillsborough, to be developed into "star" performers. We may be sure that the Wednesday will be eager to keep such an astute manager, but, sooner or later, I believe that the South will claim William Walker's services.

And now to cricket. First there is the surprising defeat of England in the fourth and final Test match in Jamaica. The West Indies proved by this victory—the "rubber" match of the series—that they are very formidable opponents indeed when playing beneath their own sunny skies.

They certainly gave England a terrific hammering. Yet I am not one of those apostles of gloom who go about with long faces bemoaning England's defeat. When the West Indies visit these shores, it will—as ever—be a very different story. The vagaries of our wickets are too much for the West Indians; they know little or nothing about spin bowling, as has been proved over and over again.

Still, the M.C.C. will, I hope, learn valuable lessons from the defeat. Straightaway, they must resolve to search for new talent in the coming season. For one thing, it certainly seems that Walter Hammond needs a rest from big cricket.

(*Continued on page 574*)

ho Took Part in the Inter-University Athletic Sports at the White City Last Saturday

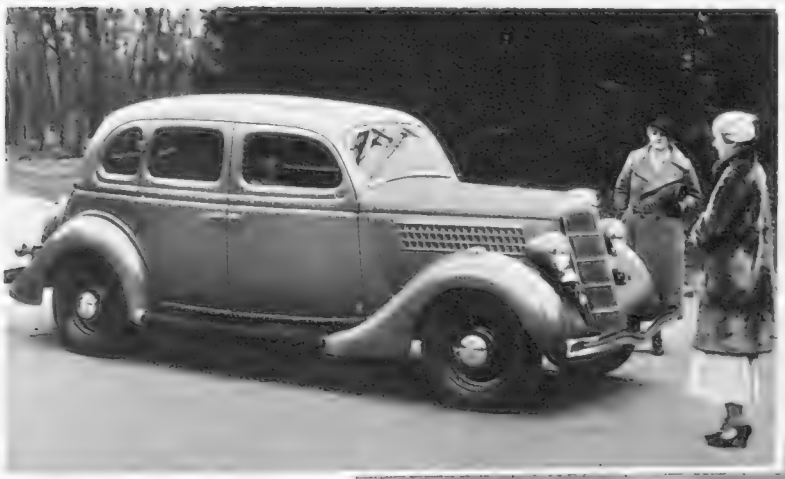
R. S. Duncan, Oxford's President, nearest the camera, and J. M. Baillieu practising sprints, while training at the White City for the Inter-'Varsity Sports

Peter D. Ward, the Cambridge three-miler, who won the event for Great Britain v. Princetown and Cornell in the U.S.A. last summer

Two Welsh Cambridge sprinters, P. M. G. Fraser, the quarter-miler (left), and C. J. Betty, who runs in the hundred-yards race

The "Automatic" Motor-Car

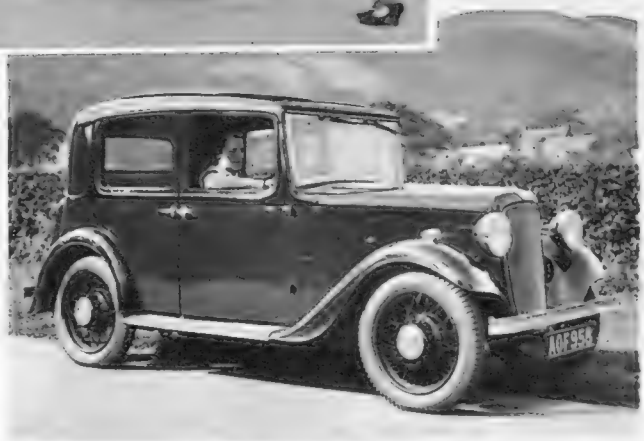
By The Earl of Cardigan



Left: the latest and most striking of Ford models. A really fast car, with acceleration out of the ordinary, yet built on practical and comfortable lines

Below: the latest Austin Ten-four "Lichfield" saloon, showing the fine new radiator and distinctive lines

The New Ford V-8 de Luxe Saloon



Amidst the Malvern Hills

NEARLY every car to-day is controlled in some respect or other by automatic means. To some extent, indeed, it may be said to "drive itself." Most commonly, the ignition is arranged to advance and retard itself without aid from the driver; but the charging rate of the dynamo may also vary automatically, the shock-absorbers may stiffen or relax themselves, and the gears may change themselves—all at the instance of some unseen "governor," or other regulating device.

We may reasonably ask whether this is a healthy tendency, this disposition on the part of manufacturers to take certain controls away from the jurisdiction of the driver, and to entrust machinery with the task of supervising its own running.

Personally, I suggest that everything depends on exactly how the automatic mechanism is designed to work. Take automatic gears, for example. I have notes of two cars which I have driven, both of which were capable of changing gear without any aid from the driver. In one case, I thought the system excellent; in the other, bad.

The bad automatic gear-box (as I thought it) was one which permitted the driver absolutely no control at all in the matter of gear-changing. It was so designed that when the engine speed dropped below—let us say—800 "revs," a lower gear was at once engaged. When the engine speed rose above 800 r.p.m., a change was immediately made back into the higher ratio.

Of course, under normal circumstances, this worked well enough. When, however, I began to make tests under abnormal conditions, all sorts of defects began to reveal themselves.

I made one test by checking this car on a steep hill. It changed itself down all right; but when I accelerated changed up again far too soon. Then the engine began to stall, and it had to change down again—this tedious process continuing until more level ground was reached.

Now, with the car having the "good" automatic gear-box, things were very different. In this latter case, when conditions were normal, automatic gear-changes would take place at pre-determined moments, and the results would, naturally, prove entirely satisfactory. With this car, however, when any unusual circumstances arose, I would find myself able to adjust matters by the use of a small auxiliary lever. I could, as it were, reassert my authority at such moments. I could cause the gear-changes to be timed earlier or later, as required. In a word, I possessed an over-riding control which I could exercise at my own discretion.

In my opinion, any automatic controlling mechanism, to give the best results, must operate in this way. On all normal occasions, it must look after itself; but it must never positively exclude the driver from using his (presumably) superior judgment.

Manufacturers with "automatic" leanings should recognise that it is simply not possible, when assembling a car in the workshops, to allow for every contingency which may arise during its life on the road. My own car provides an additional example of this. Here the maker has given me a dynamo which only charges fully when the side-lamps are switched on. At other times, it automatically charges at a lower rate.

On the face of it, this is quite ingenious; but there are times when I run only during daylight, and yet have reason to know that my battery is not fully charged up. I have no means of inducing the dynamo to charge at a higher rate during such periods. The automatic arrangement frustrates me.

The control of ignition is perhaps one of the few jobs which can be done perfectly by purely automatic means. It is hardly conceivable that one would ever want to travel fast with the ignition retarded, or slowly with it advanced. Even so, some firms, on principle, still fit a hand control to their automatic ignition systems.

The principle, at any rate, is a sound one. Let the machine do all it can to relieve the driver of trouble; but let the driver, in the last resort, always have the ability to direct the machine.

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 573)

What a mystery is this great all-rounder! In county cricket last summer, Hammond easily headed the averages, yet, when facing the Australians, he did dismally. And again, in these West Indies Tests, he has the insignificant average of 25! It is incredible. I am wondering whether Hammond has had too much cricket these last few years, and whether a rest would not bring back the fine edge to his form.

And then Leyland! He was our best batsman in the Tests last season—that century at the Oval stamped him as a great fighter; yet, in the West Indies, he has averaged six runs in half a dozen innings. Why the sudden reversal of form? That 's a question difficult to answer, though again I have the suspicion that Leyland is in need of a rest.

As a matter of fact, I am wondering whether our first-class players do not have too much cricket. The strain of an overseas tour is followed by a strenuous county championship campaign, with, perhaps, a series of home Tests in the bargain. And then, off our "star" men go again, following the sun for more hard games.

For instance, some of the team who took part in the West Indies matches have not had a real break from cricket for years. There was the trip to Australia for such men as Ames, followed by our own season; then came a visit to India, with another summer's play in England—and with a series of Test matches against the Australians. After that, another tour in the West Indies, with the coming season—in which the South Africans have to be met—to be faced! Small wonder, then, that some players get jaded.

It would seem from this that the M.C.C. should review the whole question of overseas tours. These ceaseless trips are not doing the players or the game any good. Unless the M.C.C. modify their programme, I can see the time coming when our first-class batsmen and bowlers are "burnt out" for want of a rest from cricket.

WELL, let 's talk about boxing. And here I must make mention of Eddie Wenstob, the Canadian cowboy, who was born very near to the Prince of Wales's ranch in Alberta. Wenstob is making a very good impression on the boxing critics. He has pluck—he proved that against the big South African, Ben Foord—and he has boxing brains. When he met Eric Seelig, the crafty young German, Wenstob showed us that he is more than a tearaway two-handed fighter. He fought like a seasoned veteran.

And now let me say that I shall not be surprised if, later in the year, we see Wenstob matched with Jack Petersen. The British heavy-weight champion makes his ring return in June. I do not suppose that Wenstob would be his first opponent, but I do say that there is a likelihood of the men being matched when Petersen has settled down a little. It is early yet to discuss this contest. But of one thing I am sure—that Wenstob would make the British champion go all the way to win.

Next month, by the way, we are to have a very important bout staged at Birmingham. Tommy Pardoe, the local lad, is to meet Benny Lynch, the little Scotsman who brilliantly boxed a draw with Jackie Brown not so long ago. The winner of this bout, it can be taken for sure, will be matched with Brown for the Manchester boxer's world fly-weight title. The Pardoe-Lynch battle is going to be a very close thing; so close, that I hesitate to forecast the likely winner. If Lynch can maintain the form he showed against Brown in Glasgow, however, I think he should scrape home the winner—and then what a fight is in prospect when he has another crack at the title-holder!

NEWS!

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The Ladies' London Foursomes, at Wentworth

Miss Mervyn Barton and Miss Pam Barton (Royal Mid-Surrey), who lost to Miss Doris Chambers and Miss Heather Palmes (Camberley Heath) by one hole in the final round. In the centre is Mrs. Kenneth Morrice, Hon. Sec. to the Ladies' London Foursomes

Women's Golf:

Foursomes, London and Northern

By Eleanor E. Helme

Mrs. Gallatly and Mrs. Fleming (Sunningdale), who lost to the Barton sisters (Royal Mid-Surrey) in the semi-final round of the Ladies' London Foursomes by 7 and 6

Miss Biddy Newell and Mrs. M. L. Clarke, of Worplesdon. Miss Newell partnered Mrs. Clarke in the absence through injury of Miss Mary Peech

Dear Bystander,

After the usual fright over snow for the London Foursomes, in the end the sun shone, there was a spring-like bloom on the birch-trees, and the last day was positively hot. So was the excitement over the final. Camberley Heath were without Miss Gourlay, whose mother is seriously ill, but Miss Chambers and Miss Heather Palmes made a pair whose consistency and the immensely high standard of their putting could hardly have been bettered. It was a very popular win, perhaps rather an unexpected one; they were not the pair who drew the gallery, that fickle following spending its time in running after the long hitters. But Miss Doris Chambers, who was Camberley's mainstay, likes to slip along through round after round without anybody taking particular notice of her. To be ignored helps concentration, according to her ideas; and as she won her championship at Burnham a dozen years ago by quiet confidence and beautiful putting, so she came through at Wentworth on behalf of Camberley Heath. Miss Palmes was the ideal partner for her, and the two gave a display from which there was a great deal to learn; length may be much, but not everything, and the power of the putt was greatly in evidence. I have a theory of my own that the person who putts well in a foursome is one who, outside the golf course as well as on it, likes to have somebody dependent on her; who has absolute abhorrence of letting anybody down. I do not know if that is why Miss Chambers putted so well on Wentworth's slippery greens, but she did undoubtedly roll in any number of doubtful putts; yet she in no way outshone Miss Palmes, who did likewise again and again.

To start with the first day, the Lady Golfers' Club (the holders) had a new pair, the Midland champion, Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp, and Miss Maude Hyde, from Sandy Lodge. It was Royal Wimbledon who put paid to their account, in the second round. It was fashionable that day to toil out to the 19th hole, and even further: Porter's Park played twenty-one holes before they beat South Herts; Burhill twenty against St. George's Hill, and were presumably so exhausted by this effort that they themselves succumbed at the 19th to Worplesdon An immensely hard-hitting pair were Worplesdon, with Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Miss Bridget Newell; but on the second afternoon, Thorndon were too steady for them. That is a couple who have won before, and might easily win again, for Mrs. Garon is one of the best foursome players of the day. So can Miss Joy Winn be when she is not possessed by a hook; but the hook did for her in the semi-final, when they went down to Camberley.

Camberley must have had at least two bad moments during the course of the week, the first when they were 3 down and 4 to go to Berkshire; and again in the final, when 2 up at the 11th swiftly became all square at the 13th. To intensify the situation, Miss Chambers' good pitch at the 14th trickled over the green, as many a shot has done before and will do again, but she saved the situation by holing a 6-yard putt for a half in 4; her clever approach putt on that deceptive 15th green meant another half, and a win at the 16th made them 1 up. This against Royal Mid-Surrey, represented by the young Barton sisters, who only need more experience (which will mean knowing when not to hit so hard) to become superlatively good players. Against none too strong opponents in the early part of the tournament they had big wins. Against Walton Heath they faltered horribly, recovered themselves with a vengeance in the semi-final against the hapless Sunningdale, whom they beat by 7 and 6, and fought an uphill fight with grand courage in the final; they were never up, but twice they squared the match, at the 6th, and again at the 13th, and some of their shots were really magnificent. Miss Pam Barton needs to learn that if you hit every shot with all your might and main, you have nothing extra left in reserve when the pinch comes. Miss Mervyn Barton was the steadier, Miss Pam the more brilliant. There was little enough luck about Miss Mervyn's fine attempt to hole the putt for a 2 at the 17th, and her sister could not quite complete the magnificence of Miss Mervyn's recovery at the 18th by holing that one, but they had done enough for glory.

If the Bystander Northern Foursomes this year are not quite up to standard in quantity, the quality is distinctly high, and it will be surprising if there are not some mighty fights before the week at Ganton is over. The back-markers are Miss Doris Park and Miss Cynthia Howard, with only 4 between them; the next lowest Mrs. M. L. Clarke and Mrs. Hugh Percy, who have 5. These might meet in the final; with semi-finals respectively (if one must pick low-handicap players) against Miss Gwen Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell, and either Miss Nan Baird and Miss Mitchell or the holders, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees. The luck of the draw has behaved badly in arranging a second-round meeting between these two last-named couples, assuming that both of them survive their first rounds, about which Miss Rowland and Miss Peace, and Mrs. Armitage and Mrs. Chadwick may well have something to say; otherwise it is a good draw, full of possibilities.

Yours ever, Eleanor E. Helme.

What's On

(Continued from page D)

MUSIC

Orchestral

B.B.C.—Felix Weingartner conducts Schubert's Symphony in E, Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 (Ernst von Dohnanyi) and Liszt's Divina Commedia Symphony: Queen's Hall, to-night. 8.30.

Royal Choral Society.—Bach's "St. John" Passion, with the L.P.O., Malcolm Sargent conducting Albert Hall, March 30th, 2.30.

Courtauld Sargent.—Malcolm Sargent conducts the L.P.O.; the programme includes Vaughan Williams's Suite for Viola (soloist, Lionel Tertis) and Dvorak's "New World" Symphony: Queen's Hall, April 1st and 2nd, 8.15.

Recitals

Joan Leggatt.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, to-night. 8.30.

Busch Concert.—Last of series; Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin in a sonata programme: Wigmore Hall, March 28th. 8.30.

Stefi Geyer.—Violin recital: Aeolian Hall, March 28th, 8.30.

Adeline Schuurman.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall March 30th, 3.

Don Cossack Choir.—Serge Jaroff conducting: Albert Hall, March 31st, 3.

Pierre Fournier.—The French 'cellist's second London recital: Aeolian Hall, April 2nd, 8.30.

SPORT

Racing.—Lincolnshire Handicap: Lincoln, to-day.

Grand National: Aintree, March 29.

Golf.—Sunningdale Foursomes: March 28th.

Motoring.—R.A.C. Rally: Eastbourne, March 26th-30th.

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

Blue Train.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays: extension night. Tuesday.

Café Anglais.—Second edition of the "1935 Follies," presented by Carl Hyson and Leslie Roberts, Louis Simmonds's band and Java's Tziganes: extension. Friday.

Café de la Paix.—Clive Erard and his music in the restaurant and grill; cabaret at mid night.

Café de Paris.—Douglas Byng is back here once more as cabaret-king; dancing to Jack Harris, who presents Ann Howard: extension, Wednesday.

Carlton.— Dancing on Tuesdays: special band and cabaret, and extension.

Dorchester.—A new show, with the Le Roy Prinz girls, the Three Sailors, and some star dancing; Jack Jackson plays good dance music: extension Thursday.

Grosvenor House.—The Monte Carlo Follies are here; the turns include Gomez and Winona, and the Arnaut Brothers: extension, Thursday.

San Marco.—The new Venetian restaurant in Devonshire House; Maurice Winnick's band plays for dancing: no cabaret; extension night. Wednesday.

Villa Rodet.—D'Alba, the television girl, appears at midnight; music by Phil Green's band; extension and augmented cabaret, Tuesday.

SEEN IN THE MALL

By Appointment

Rarely will you take a stroll in the Spring sunshine, along this famous thoroughfare, without perceiving some masterly example of the tailor's art. Here may be seen clothes that are things of refinement, that enhance the bearing of any man. Such are the clothes for men that are created by Bernard Weatherill, who has been, for so many years, the proud sponsor of impeccable West-End tailoring, and whose charges mean invariably a saving of several guineas to his customers.

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SHE'S always on her game, at the top of her form, youthful, active and supple!

She is not frightened of Rheumatism or of losing her youthful figure — though she is approaching middle-age — her secret is a morning glass of Kutnow's Powder.

Kutnow's Powder is a pleasant saline with a dual action — it breaks up and eliminates surplus fat daily; and, by its alkaline character neutralizes those acids which lead to Rheumatism.

Half-an-hour before breakfast tell your maid to bring you a glass of warm water with about a dessert-spoonful of Kutnow's Powder in it, stir briskly and drink it off.

Make this a morning habit and you will be active, supple and slim.

KUTNOW'S
EFFERVESCENT SALINE
POWDER

OF ALL CHEMISTS. HOME PRICE 2/9

Their Native Heath . . .

(Continued from page 540)

while the fair Clarice had looked into the matter of braised celery and chops. Nervo, his partner, was not there. His favourite dish is moules marinières—I beg your pardon, mussels.

HERMAN FINCK is an old Royalist, and one who is always quite prepared to maintain his reputation as a wit! Epstein has his own special table, a round one—No. 67—in the centre of the room. But now that he lives at Epping, the Café sees him more rarely. Augustus John's beard is also rather an absentee these days. Barney Seale, that broad-shouldered sculptor, frequently represents the Arts, and so does C. R. W. Nevinson, who has been going to the Café Royal since before I was born.

A CONTRASTING couple are plump Edmund Breon and the lean-faced Donald Calthrop. Maurice Browne, who tried to repeat a success with *Journey's End*, has grown a little beard since his world tour. John Gielgud, with his high forehead and nervous confidence; spectacled Aldous Huxley; Will Dyson, with his reddish face and old brown hat; James Agate, clean-shaven, big-headed, and master of swift repartee; and Claud Allister, who plays the silly ass parts and only comes on Sundays, are all regulars. Eric Maschwitz, who has the biggest feet in the B.B.C. and writes under the name of Holt Marvell, sometimes puts in an appearance with his auburn-haired wife, Hermione Gingold; Kreisler, looking more like a stockbroker than a stockbroker, orders his caviare and scrambled eggs; J. B. Priestley, still very Yorkshire, with his slow voice and his complete faith in himself, sometimes brings in unexpected guests, like Chollie Knickerbocker, the American columnist; Joe Coyne, still as thin as a rake, quiet and amiable and very English; Sir John Squire, with his spectacles and broad forehead; Flora Robson, tall and dark and pretty; Basil Dean and his new young wife, Victoria Hopper; Roy Royston and George ("Grandfather") Grossmith, are others. One of the prettiest girls I have ever seen there is Pamela Carme, Lord Falmouth's sister.

DAY after day and night after night you will see Monsieur Bruno, the man in charge of the book-stall on the left as you go in. He has been there for thirty-four years, and once, during the war, sold over a hundred copies of *La Vie Parisienne* in a week. Probably you recognise Haidée de Rance, playing the first fiddle in the women's orchestra. All habitués of the Café know George, the elderly ex-Italian waiter near the door. He has been there since 1900. The Belgian waiter is Théo. He has been there a lot of years too. So has Charlie, the Swiss—a dark little chap, and one of the briskest to take your orders.

THE oldest living customer is Frank Parkyn, burly and white-moustached. He was an intimate friend of Lord Dewar, and once ordered two omelettes, one to be served to him in the ordinary way, and the other wrapped in grease-proof paper and put in a box. The object was to initiate his cook in Cornwall. Jimmy White used to come in regularly; in fact, he dined there the night before he committed suicide. Clarence Hatry went into the accounts with the idea of buying the place, but ultimately did not do so. Lord Rosslyn used to be a regular, and, according to the waiters' book, was a very difficult customer to please; so was Lord Vane Tempest. There is a note in the book to say that, unless otherwise ordered, 1865 Courvoisier would always be served him. Lord Knowles used to bring four or five people twice a week, and in his case the account was never to be presented to him at the table. There is also a footnote about Messrs. Spalding and Black, to the effect that "when Black falls asleep, wake him up discreetly."

HORACE COLE, the practical joker, used to frequent the Café Royal; so did the late Sir Edward Marshall Hall. Lily Elsie and George Edwardes used to be regulars; and during the war, Major Lloyd, the Provost-Marshal, and brother of Sir Francis Lloyd, almost had his offices in the Café Royal itself. During the war years, by the way, the average losses from bad cheques and unpaid debts amounted to almost three thousand pounds a year, as Captain Nicols Pigache, the grandson of the founder, tells you in his lately published *Café Royal Days*.

A Racing Reverie

(Continued from page 555)

that if it were run over three miles on a Park course, Tapinois should start at odds-on. This Frenchman is the most improved 'chaser in training, but is a stranger to Liverpool, and although strangers have won the National, I think one can afford to lose when they do; for those who do not like favourites, I suggest a modest investment on Castle Irwell, who has jumped part of the course and is trained by Ivor Anthony, who has him at his best.

LET me give a word of advice to all those who are wondering whether or not they 'll go to the National. My advice is GO! I 'm sure you won't regret it. Liverpool is one of the best-run meetings in the country, and this year's race promises to be one of the most thrilling of all time.

AFTER Cheltenham, everyone went to Hurst Park, where I have seldom seen a bigger crowd gathered together for a day's jumping than there was on the Saturday, when that amazing horse, Brienz, won the big race for George Beeby, whose luck has been decidedly in and out this year.

ON going through the race, I had decided that the one horse who had not got a million-to-one chance was Brienz, as, even forgiving him his failure at Cheltenham, he had never appeared to me to get a yard over three miles. At Hurst Park, however, he had no difficulty in staying nearly four, proving once again that the longer one goes racing the more often is one proved wrong.

The Hon. Helen Mildmay and Mr. Roger Wethered, the well-known golfer, at the Melton Hunt Races at Burton Lazars

ON the previous day, Dusty, superbly ridden by Pete Bostwick, had won yet another good race for Clive Graham, and his many partners. David Dale's training of this horse is a masterpiece. If any of you have a bad-legged horse, or a good-legged one for that matter, send him to David Dale, he 'll win you races.

MR. GRAHAM has paid me the pretty compliment of naming one of his two-year-olds in training with Chubb Leach Uncle Regular, which explains the consternation which was aroused in some circles when it was noised abroad that Uncle Regular was to be added to the list. I sincerely hope that he will win his sporting young owner some good races.

IN conclusion, I could not deplore too strongly the action of a certain jockey at Hurst Park, who flogged his mount unmercifully when the wretched animal had not a million-to-one chance of winning. In fact, he continued pasting it after the winner had passed the post. This was one of the very few occasions when I would have loved to be a steward. Later in the day, a young amateur deliberately eased his mount out of a place. Is there no happy medium?

By the way, Llanarmon will win the Lincoln.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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Modern Aids to Beauty

Every woman will wish to enhance her charm and accentuate her personality by using the Schiaparelli perfumes, which have been created to harmonise with each hour of the day. "Salut," for evening, is elusive and mysterious, while "Soucis" is captivating and discreet, and essentially a perfume for the day

Perfume—the Essence of "Charm"

No one has ever really succeeded in defining the word "charm." It is so elusive and subtle, and composed of many qualities. In a woman, the essence of charm does not lie in her beauty, but rather in her ever-changing moods, and in that mysterious something which marks her out from other women. Schiaparelli, that supreme artist in dress, has realised this truth and created three exquisite perfumes.

"Salut"—"Soucis"—"Schiap"

"Salut," for the evening, is perhaps the most arresting of the three, as it has an unforgettable fragrance which reflects the personality of the wearer and enhances her fascination. A few drops behind the ears, on the temples, and inside the wrists are quite sufficient. So many people make the mistake of using perfume too lavishly, thereby destroying the desired effect and creating something which is altogether too cloying and blatant. For every day there is "Soucis," which is subtle and discreet, creating instantly an atmosphere of captivating distinction. It is a scent essentially in harmony with day-time pursuits, as it is exclusive and individual, and may be exchanged for "Schiap," when riding, motoring, or playing golf. Where so many perfumes prove too heavy and exotic for the young debutante, "Schiap" is ideal, as it is refreshing and sparkling, and will never strike a discordant note. It is obtainable, together with "Salut" and "Soucis," either at Schiaparelli's salons, 6, Upper Grosvenor Street, or at many of the leading stores.

The "Bystander" SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES (1935)

At St. George's Hill, Weybridge

The "Bystander" Spring Medal Foursomes (11th year), at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, will be played, by kind invitation of the Club, on the First and Second Courses, on Friday, April 12th, 1935.

Holders: MRS. G. H. CARBUTT and MISS MARY PEECH.

ST. GEORGE'S HILL — NO ENTRANCE FEE

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, the BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Thursday, March 28th, 1935.

THE "BYSTANDER" One-Day SPRING MEDAL FOURSOMES, 36 holes (Eleventh Year)

To be played at St. George's Hill, Friday, April 12th, 1935.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in the above Foursomes at St. George's Hill, with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....*of*.....*Club*

L.G.U. Handicap.....

Home Address..... *Telephone No.* .....

Our opponents will be

Mrs. / *Miss* .....and *Mrs.* / *Miss* .....

who will send in their own entry. OR, please fix us up with opponents.

If that time is not already taken, we should like to start the first round at.....*or if there is no free time within fifteen minutes of that we should like an earlier/later one, if possible at about*.....

(No starting time can be allotted before 9.0 or after 11.15 for the first round. Competitors will start their second round approximately 3½ hours later than their first round.)

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps limited to 30: play under half combined handicaps. Entries from couples over the handicap limit will not be accepted. Handicap certificates to be shown before play. Entries may be accepted from foreign or other competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Entries limited to 100 couples. Entries beyond that limit will be placed on a waiting list to fill any vacancies that may arise.

Competitors may choose their own partners and opponents, and in the event of their original partner failing, may substitute another up to the time play starts if they will kindly notify Miss Helme.

Competitors may request a starting time, these being allotted in order of request, but not before 9.0 or after 11.15. Competitors will start their second round approximately three-and-a-half hours later than their first round. Play will be over 36 holes, eighteen holes on the First Course and eighteen on the Second Course, and it will be decided by a draw which couples shall play on which course in the morning.

Entries close on Thursday, March 28th, or earlier, if the limit of 100 couples is reached before that date. Starting times will be posted to each competitor at latest on April 1st.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve the right to add to or alter these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor will be final on all points.

PRIZES

Challenge Trophies and Replicas for the best scratch aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best scratch return on the First Course. Prizes for the best scratch return on the Second Course. Prizes for the best handicap aggregate of 36 holes. Prizes for the best handicap return on the First Course and on the Second Course.

Ties for the aggregate will be decided by the scores returned by the tieing couples over the First Course; ties for the eighteen-hole prizes by the last nine holes of the tieing cards.

Exclusive of any sweeps that may be arranged, the winners of the Challenge Trophies cannot take any other prizes, nor may any pair take more than one prize. **No card taken out in the second round can compete for an eighteen-hole prize unless the pair returning it have completed and returned their first-round card.**

The Entry Form is on the left.

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Spring Coat, in hopsack weave, with silk collar and cuffs finely stitched. In oatmeal/sky or strawberry/beige. Sizes, 18 to 26 ins.
Size 18 ins. £5 15 6
Rising 7/- each 2 ins.
Pretty Hat to match, 35/9.

. . .

For Little Boys . . .

Tailored Coat in brown/fawn diagonal suiting. Sizes 20 to 26 ins.
Size 20 ins. 94/6
Rising 5/- each size.
Hat to match, 25/9.
Suit for wearing with this coat, 59/6. Rising 5/- each size.

New Catalogue post free.

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GETTING MARRIED: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Dorothy Wilding

Frances Chamberlayne

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlayne, of Elmswell New Hall, Woolpit, Suffolk, and is engaged to Lieut.-Com. R. B. Gossage, R.N., only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Gossage, of Birkenhead, and Machynlleth, Wales

Lenare

Bridget Wilson

Is the only child of the late James Mackay Wilson, of Currygrane, Co. Longford, and Mrs. Wilson, of Gratwicks, Steyning; is engaged to Kenneth W. Blackburne, Nigeria Administrative Service, elder son of the Dean of Bristol and Mrs. Harry Blackburne

Kay Vaughan

Jocelyn Sparks

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Sparks, of Heytesbury, Wilts., and niece of Sir Ashley Sparks; is to marry Arthur N. S. Corbett, R.H.A., elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Swan Corbett, of Oakhurst, Woodhay, Newbury, on April 17th

Lenare

Brigid Stephens

Is engaged to Lieut. Thomas Lovell Canning, R.N., son of Mr. I. H. Canning, of Chesney Wold, Weybridge, Surrey; her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Theo A. Stephens, Hill House, Frensham, Surrey. She is their third daughter

Lafayette

Patience Dunman

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dunman, of Singapore; she has announced her engagement to Anthony R. W. Patton, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Winsloe Patton, of St. Anthony's, Eastbourne

Bassano

Marjorie Sheila Maclure

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Maclure, of Cranfield House, Harefield, Middlesex, and is engaged to Malcolm J. H. McGregor, M.C., second son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McGregor, of 2, Hillhead Street, Glasgow

Pearl Freeman

Hermione Crutchley

Is to marry Evelyn Mansfield King, headmaster of Craig End Park School, Edinburgh; is the daughter of Com. A. F. Crutchley, D.S.O. R.N. (ret.), and niece of Lieut.-Col. E. T. Crutchley, C.M.G., C.B.E.

Douglas

Joan Dupen

Twin daughter of the late Engineer Captain A. P. L. Dupen, R.N., and Mrs. E. G. K. Cross, of 25, Ovington Square, S.W.3; is engaged to Dr. Mervyn J. Ingram, son of Mr. and Mrs. Collingham Ingram, of the Grange, Benenden, Kent

Lenare

Charlotte Grier

Is the younger daughter of Brig.-Gen. and Mrs. H. D. Grier, of Wymering Lodge, Farnborough, Hants, and is engaged to W. Vernon H. Robins, King's Own Royal Regiment, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. V. H. Robins

Lenare

Juanita Dinwiddie

Juanita Isabel Rhind Dinwiddie is the daughter of Mrs. Robert Dinwiddie, of Restmore, Sutton, Surrey, and is engaged to Digby Moynagh, son of W. J. Moynagh, of Nairobi, and Mrs. Moynagh, of Sydenham

Pearl Freeman

Cecil Catherine Carver

Is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Carver, of 157, Victoria Street, and is engaged to Peter Grandage, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Grandage, of the Priory, Knaresborough, Yorks

Lafayette

Rachel Orlebar

Is engaged to Harnar Somerville, son of the late C. A. Somerville, of Aldridge, Staffs, and Mrs. Somerville, of Chelmscott Manor, Leighton Buzzard; daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Orlebar, of Castle Ashby, Northants

MARCH WEDDINGS

Burn — MacGrath

Christopher H. Burn, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frank H. Burn, of Berkeley Court, and Leueen MacGrath, daughter of Walter MacGrath, and the late Mrs. MacGrath, leaving St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, after their wedding last week. Dorothy Hyson was one of the bridesmaids

Morrissey — Phillips

Lieut. John B. Morrissey, H.M.S. Renown, and Sheila Phillips, daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. W. Phillips, of Lexham Gardens, were married at Our Lady of the Assumption, Warwick Street

Dudley — Edwards

Jack Dudley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Dudley, of Oxshott, Surrey, and Jessie Edwards, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Edwards, of Edgbaston, Birmingham, were married at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Right: William D. Duncan, son of George H. Duncan, of Ivy Bank, Langside Avenue, Glasgow, and Bertha Leighton Black, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Black, of Fodbank, Dunfermline, were married at Dunfermline Abbey

Below: George Munro Sturrock, son of the Rev. and Mrs. T. C. Sturrock, of Edinburgh, and Molly Herdman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Herdman, of Murrayfield, Edinburgh, announced their engagement last week. Mr. Sturrock is Surgeon-Consultant to the County of Zetland

Duncan — Black

Charnock — White

Above: Frederick Charnock and Peggy White were married at St. George's, Sampford-Brett, Somerset. Jack White, the Somerset and England cricketer, who is a cousin of the bride, was at the wedding

Engaged Couple

Lilley — Farmiloe

Left: James Lilley, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Lilley, of Ashburnham, Northwood, and Bettine Farmiloe, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Farmiloe, of Purley Park, Berks., were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. The bridesmaids were Cynthia Farmiloe, Ruth Farmiloe, Vera Hill-Cole, and Cecily Marr-Johnson; the child attendants were Elizabeth and Jill Sanger, and Nigel and Morton Neal

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CORNELIUS.—Priestley's intensely interesting play is finely acted by Ralph Richardson as one partner in a small and failing business, Harcourt Williams as the other, Victoria Hopper, Ann Wilton, and James Harcourt as employees: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE DOMINANT SEX.—Michael Egan's amusing play, with Diana Churchill and Richard Bird as the argumentative young couple, plus Henry Hewitt and Ellen Pollock: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—A grandmother by Lilian Braithwaite, a superbly foolish aunt by Athene Seyler, and the rest of the family includes Gyles Isham, Archibald Batty, Jack Livesey, Mary Glynne; the comedy 's by Gertrude Jennings: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FROLIC WIND.—Richard Oke's novel brilliantly adapted; a clever, subtle play, with a first-rate cast, including Henrietta Watson, Nina Boucicault, M. Terry-Lewis, and D. Holmes-Gore as four old sisters, Veronica Turleigh, Basil Bartlett: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30

HAMLET.—A fine production and brilliant acting, especially by John Gielgud as Hamlet. George Howe is Polonius; Laura Cowie the Queen; Frank Vosper the King; Jessica Tandy is Ophelia: New, 8. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.15. Last week.

HENRY IV., PART I.—George Robey makes a superb and most living Falstaff—a performance not to be missed; the rest of the cast is a fine one, and includes John Drinkwater, Edmund Willard, Patrick Waddington, Lady Tree: His Majesty's, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HENRY IV., PART II.—With George Merritt as Falstaff: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—This delightful Chinese play includes in its cast Louise Hampton, Carol Coombe, Morris Harvey, Esmé Percy, Roger Livesey: Little, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE ON THE DOLE.—A play for everyone to see—a stage microcosm of the industrial depression that is moving in its reality and humour; a brilliant performance by Wendy Hiller: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MAN OF YESTERDAY.—Leslie Banks gives a fine performance as the ex-soldier with a lost memory. Ann Todd's the nurse he falls in love with, and the rest of the cast make an interesting play all the more worth seeing: St. Martin's, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THERE GO ALL OF US.—A play of the law courts, with Matheson Lang as defending counsel, Beatrix Thomson on trial for her life, Aubrey Dexter, Douglas Jeffries: Piccadilly, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

VICEROY SARAH.—A historical play with a most human interest in the distraction of poor Queen Anne (Barbara Everest) between the Duchess of Marlborough (Irene Vanbrugh) and Abigail Hill (Olga Lindo): Whitehall 8.30. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—Robert Harris is the young hero of this long-running story of student life in Edinburgh; Celia Johnson plays the part as heroine: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WORSE THINGS HAPPEN AT SEA.—Keith Winter's first comedy, with Frank Lawton as a vain young man, Yvonne Arnaud, Ena Burrill: St. James's, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YOUTH AT THE HELM.—A witty and original comedy, with Owen Nares as the young City imposter who gets away with it; Kay Hammond as a pert typist; O. B. Clarence, Walter Hudd: Globe, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

With Music

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA.—A revival for the West End in the Lyric, Hammersmith, manner, with Isabel Jeans as Lucy Lockit, Joan Collier as Polly Peachum, Charles Mayhew as Macheath; Frederic Austin conducts: Criterion, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

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JACK O' DIAMONDS.—Gay and witty lyrics; the Cinderella story makes a cheerful, amused evening; Greta Fayne, Zelma O'Neal, Bobbie Comber, Reginald Purdell, and Richard Dolman all contribute: Gaiety, 8.15. Tues., Sat., 2.30.

JILL, DARLING!—A lively musical comedy, in which the four stars, Frances Day, Arthur Riscoe, Louise Browne, and John Mills blow their bubbles gaily: Saville, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 57.—Norah Chapman and Edna Thompson, Gus Chevalier, Eric Woodburn, Cedric Miller, and all the usual favourites: Windmill, 1.30—11.30, non-stop.

STOP PRESS.—Décor, lighting and grouping that 's really original, satire that 's sometimes well pointed; Phyllis Monkman, Dorothy Dickson, and Laurence Anderson head the cast: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

YES, MADAM?—An amusing and well-constructed musical comedy, with Binnie Hale and Bobbie Howes as stars; Vera Pearce, Bertha Belmore, and Billy Leonard add to the very good fun: Hippodrome, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

BARNET'S FOLLY.—West Country comedy, by Jan Stewer, with Muriel Aked, May Agate, Reginald Tate, Herbert Lomas: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT.—Margaret Rawlings and the Baddeley sisters as three gold-diggers in a jauntily sophisticated comedy: Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

HYDE PARK CORNER.—A medley of historical romance, farce and thriller, with Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle, Gordon Harker, J. H. Roberts involved: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LOVE AND LET LOVE.—A farce, with Claire Luce, Peter Haddon, and Martin Walker in the cast: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—This extraordinary show continues to give its audiences a chance to join in: Kingsway, 8.15. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE AUNT OF ENGLAND.—A comedy of Victorian days, with Haidée Wright as a Duchess, Thea Holme, Harold Warrender, A. Scott-Gatty: Savoy, to-night.

EVERYMAN.—With Richard Ainley, Philip Ben Greet, Tilly Losch, Marie Ney, Russell Thorndike; and PAYNTER'S AND GLASIORS, the Chester Nativity Play: Ambassadors, to-night.

LET 'S GO GAY.—An intimate revue, with Rex Evans as compère, Magda Kun, Steve Geray, Queenie Leonard, Richard Goolden: Embassy, to-night.

DELUSION.—Martin Brown's play has a Russian Ballet background; Ernest Milton as a crippled impresario, Anton Dolin, Alanova, Margaretta Scott: Comedy, March 28th.

THE ALCHEMIST.—Ben Jonson's play transferred from the Embassy, with Hugh Miller, Austin Trevor, Iris Hoey: Prince's, March 28th.

CINEMAS

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES.—Anne Shirley as the orphan, Helen Westley and O. P. Heggie as her adopters; also a thriller, WOMAN IN THE DARK, with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy: Capitol.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS.—A new Jack Buchanan comedy film, with Lili Damita as the girl who helps him spend his money: Leicester Square Theatre.

BRITISH AGENT.—A thriller, with Leslie Howard and Kay Francis as stars. Also LOTTERY LOVER, with Pat Paterson, Lew Ayres, Peggy Fears: Regal.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Ronald Colman and Loretta Young in the film version of the historical play: Colman makes a good-ish Clive: Tivoli.

DAVID COPPERFIELD.—A successful screen reproduction from Hollywood of the Dickens story and atmosphere; with Freddie Bartholomew and Frank Lawton as David, boy and man, Edna May Oliver as Betsey Trotwood, W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber: Palace.

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER.—A very fine film, based on Yeats-Brown's book, with Gary Cooper as hero, Franchot Tone, Guy Standing, Richard Cromwell, and Kathleen Burke: Carlton.

THE MAN FROM FOLIES BERGÈRE.—Maurice Chevalier is that man, with Merle Oberon and Ann Sothern as two girls for him: London Pavilion.

MASKERADE.—Willi Forst's (Unfinished Symphony) film of Vienna in 1905, with Paula Wessely, who acts superbly: Academy. Last week.

OH, DADDY!—A farce, with Leslie Henson and Frances Day teamed up, and worth seeing: New Gallery.

RUGGLES OF RED GAP.—A comedy, with Charles Laughton as star as a valet; with him are Charlie Ruggles, ZaSu Pitts, Leila Hyams: Plaza.

SANDERS OF THE RIVER.—Leslie Banks, Paul Robeson, and Nina Mae McKinney in the film of Edgar Wallace's West African story, finely produced and photographed: Leicester Square Theatre, from April 2 (gala charity première).

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL.—Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey, and Merle Oberon in the excellent film of Baroness Orczy's novel: Marble Arch Pavilion.

. . . SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE.—Paula Wessely as Marie-Louise, Napoleon's second wife-to-be, Willi Forst as the Duke of Modena, Gustaf Gründgens as Metternich; a beautifully photographed film: Curzon.

VANESSA.—Robert Montgomery and Helen Hayes play lead in the film of Hugh Walpole's Herries' novel, with Lewis Stone, May Robson, Otto Kruger: Empire.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS: 195, Piccadilly.

STEUBEN GLASS.—America's most beautiful hand-made glass: Fine Arts Society, Bond Street.

IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION: Olympia.

ROYAL DRAWING SOCIETY: Guildhall, from April 2nd.

OPERA AND BALLET

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THE BARBER OF SEVILLE: to-night, 8.

OTHELLO: March 28th, 8.

FAUST.—With full ballet: March 29th, 8.

THE MAGIC FLUTE: March 30th, 2.30.

FRA DIAVOLO: March 30th, 8.

COPPELIA, BLUE BIRD PAS DE DEUX, RIO GRANDE: April 2nd, 8.30.

(*Continued on page iii*)

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MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated, in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The Issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist, and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, MR. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated, and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition the issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of His Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

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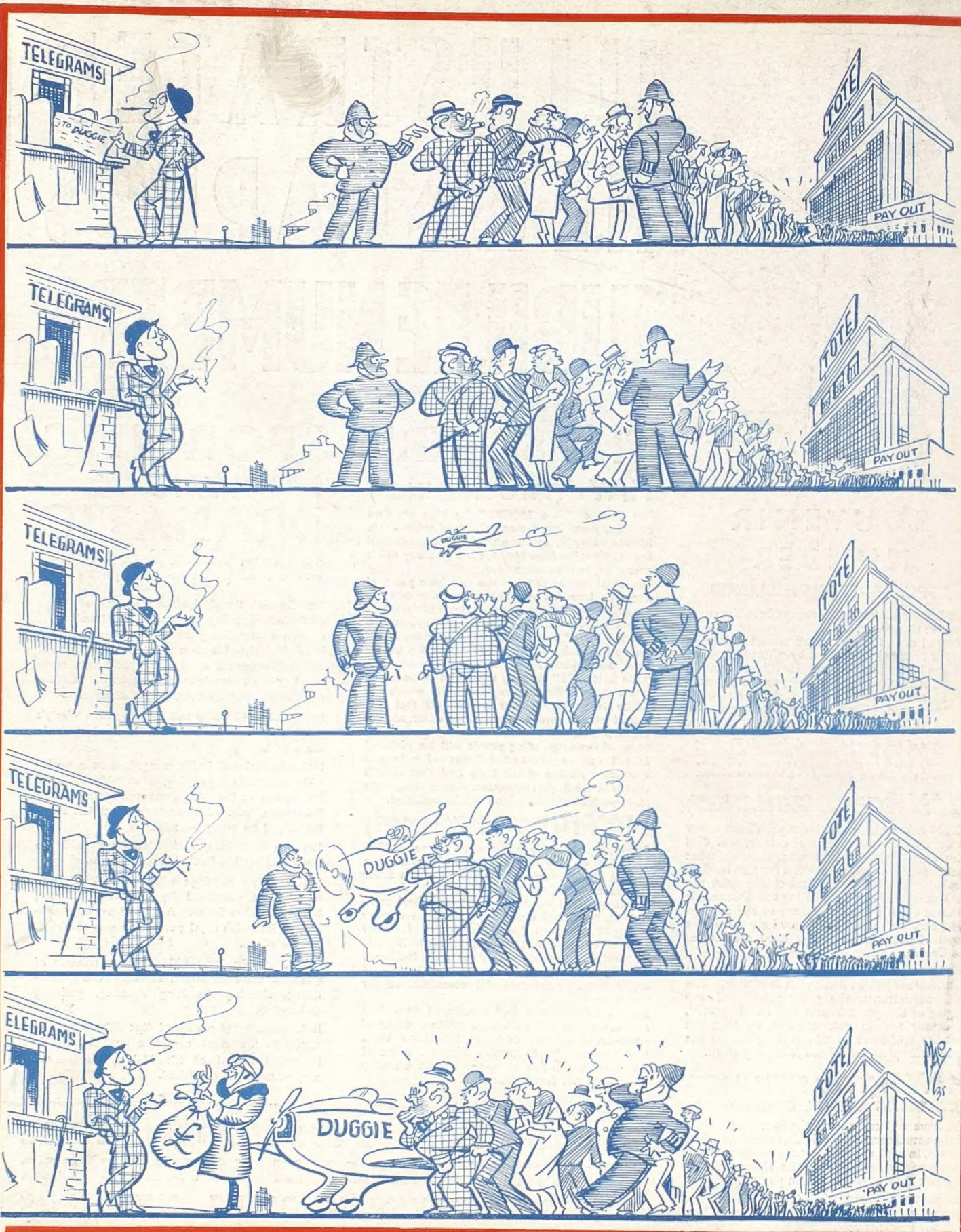
These popular favourites will be issued on the ordinary day of publication (Wednesday) in the weeks before, during and after the Jubilee Celebrations. These will sell at the usual price of One Shilling.



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